Mary Thorpe 1821

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

WITH A

DISSERTATION

UPON

The *Roman* POETS.

By Mr. ADDISON. (Right Hon. Joseph)

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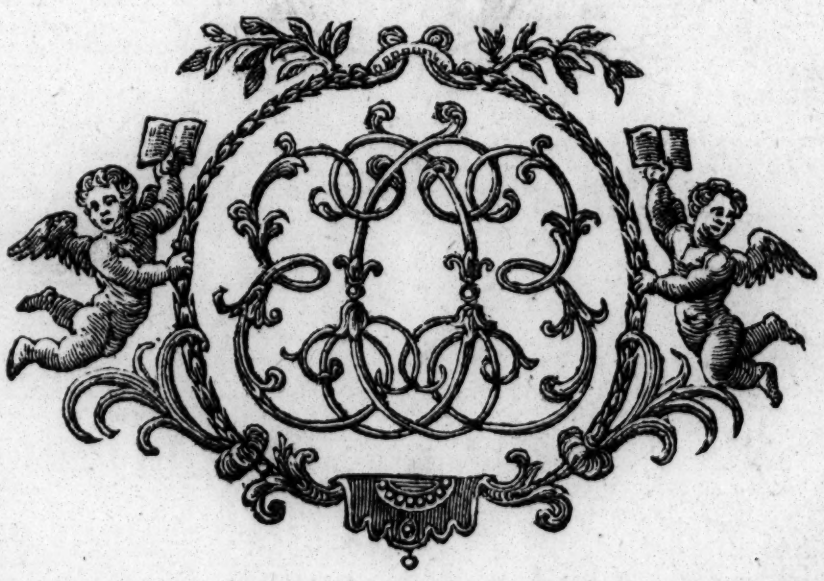

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BRITISH MUSEUM

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

WITH A

DISSERTATION

UPON

ANCIENT AND MODERN POETS.

PREFACE.

NOW the Tranſlations of Mr. *Addiſon*'s POEMS appear together, it may not be improper to make a few Obſervations on Modern *Latin Poetry*, and in particular the following Compoſitions.

Since the general Diſuſe and Corruption of the *Latin Tongue*, there are not many Attempts in Poetry in that Language that retain the Purity and

Graces of the *Auguſtan-Age*. The *Italians*, by the Encouragement of the Houſe of MEDICIS, firſt began the Study and Imitation of the beſt *Roman Poets*; and about the Time of *Leo* the Xth, there appeared a great Number of fine Genius's, who endeavour'd to ſhake off the Barbarity, and poliſh the Ruſt of an ignorant Age. The Event very near anſwer'd their Expectations, and the Muſes ſeem'd to be re-inſtated in their old Land of Inheritance. The Reader may ſee a Collection of their beſt Pieces in a Volume intitul'd *Poetæ Italici*; but among all of them *Vida* is the moſt pure and elegant, tho' ſome are offended at the perpetual Imitation of his Darling VIRGIL. The *French* have nothing conſiderable that I have

ſeen

ſeen in this way, but *Rapin*, whoſe Poems every where diſcover a *Roman* Colouring; and as he does not follow VIRGIL's Expreſſion ſo nearly as *Vida*, he is more agreeable to the Judicious. *Vida* with an eaſy Felicity adapts VIRGIL's Words to every Subject, *Rapin* chuſes rather to imitate his manner of Expreſſion than borrow his very Phraſes: So that we may ſay of theſe Two, as Mr. *Dryden* does of *Fletcher*'s and *Johnſon*'s copying *Shakeſpear*:

One imitates him moſt, *and t'other* beſt.

The *Dutch* themſelves have ſome no mean *Latin Poems*, as is evident from the Works of *Grotius* and *Heinſius*.

Buchanan

Buchanan is the juſt boaſt of the *Scots* Nation: He was a perfect Maſter of the *Latin* Tongue, knew all its Strength and Beauties, and very happily tranſfus'd them into his own Poems. That neglected Piece of his *De Sphærâ* is upon ſo nice and difficult a Subject as fine and noble a Poem as ever was wrote; tho' I don't know by what Fate, the Modern Criticks are never pleas'd to mention it to his Honour. I beg their Pardons for calling them Criticks, a Name too glorious for theſe Borrowers of others Opinions, who live upon the Plunder of *Scaliger* and *Rapin* without conſulting the Originals; where, if they have happen'd to praiſe any thing, theſe Gentlemen take all upon truſt, and

are

are Strangers to every Fault and Excellence they have omitted to Blame or Commend.

As to our own *Nation*, the Occaſional Copies in the *Univerſity Collections*, are the beſt Poems we have; the chief of which are publiſh'd in the *Muſæ Anglicanæ*, tho' I have read a great many more which deſerve an equal Honour. Out of theſe we have ſingled the Poems of Mr. *Addiſon* as the moſt ſhining Ornaments of that Work, and given the unlearned Reader the Pleaſure of admiring them in his Native Language. I will not ſay that it is abſolutely neceſſary to be a good *Latin Poet* in order to become a good *Engliſh One*, but I

am ſure that he who imitates the Antients in their own Language will ſlide more eaſily into their way of Thinking, adapt their Graces by Degrees, and beautifully tranſplant them into his Mother-Tongue; and theſe are no vulgar Beauties in an *Engliſh* Poem. I could mention how ſucceſsfully this was done by *Milton* formerly, and in our Times by Mr. *Addiſon*, if it did not draw me into too great a length of Preface, which more properly belongs to the following Pieces.

Moſt of theſe, tho' very perfect in their kinds, I am apt to believe were deſign'd as *Trials* of a great *Genius*, after the modeſt manner of the

the *Antients*, who began to ſport and play in Eſſays of their Poetical Strength before they attempted Subjects of a greater Dignity. To ſpeak of them in general, I obſerve that the Language is Pure, Elegant, and Sounding; the Verſification eaſy and numerous, happily adapted to the different Subjects it deſcribes, free from the affected Turns, Puerile Levities, and other Flatneſſes, which betray a falſe Taſte, and Defect of Judgment. The *Critick* every where accompanies the *Poet*, and even here a diſcerning Eye might have ſeen the Promiſes of a CAMPAIGN and a CATO.

The Battel of the *Pygmies* and *Cranes*, The *Puppet-Show*, and The *Bowling-Green*, are of the *Mock-Heroic* kind, the Subjects mean and trivial, ſeemingly incapable of Poetical Ornaments, but are rais'd to the Heroic, by a ſplendid Boldneſs of Expreſſion, a Pomp of Verſe, by Metaphors, Alluſions, and Similitudes drawn from Things of a higher Claſs, and ſuch as are ſuited by Nature to convey Ideas of Greatneſs and Magnificence to the Mind. VIRGIL, in his *Georgicks*, is the great Maſter in this way, with this Difference only, that *his* is a ſerious Geandeur, *this* a Mimic one, *his* produces Admiration, *this* Laughter.

The

The *Reſurrection* is a noble Piece, drawn after the *Painter* with a maſterly Hand. As it has been ſpoken to by the Tranſlator, I leave the Reader to his Obſervations.

The *Barometer* is a fine Philoſophical Poem, deſcribing the Effects of the Air on that wonderful Inſtrument with great Exactneſs, as well as in the moſt beautiful Poetry. The *Odes* to Dr. *Burnett* and Dr. *Hannes* are written in the true Spirit of HORACE, and are only equall'd among the Moderns by thoſe excellent ones of the *Latter*.

The

The *Peace* of *Reſwick* is here plac'd laſt, but firſt in the Original, in which the Author ſeems to have exerted all his Powers, to make it ſhine above his other Compoſitions. It is, indeed, a Maſter-Piece, the Images are choſen with a nice Judgment, work'd up with a Delicacy of Imagination, and plac'd in the ſtrongeſt Light. Every thing ſtrikes at the firſt View, and yet will bear the ſtricteſt Eye to re-examine it. The Deſcriptions being both juſt and ſurprizing, put the Mind upon the full ſtretch as they are preparing, and exceed the boldeſt Expectations when finiſh'd. Upon this occaſion I can't help remarking, that the *Art of War*

War being ſo much chang'd ſince the *Roman Times*, it muſt be a difficult Task to find Words in that Language to expreſs even the common Ideas of a Modern Battel; but to do it in all its terrible Scenes of new Inventions was reſerv'd for the Pen of Mr. *Addiſon*.

The *Tranſlators*, I hope, need not make any excuſe to the Reader, tho' they will want an Apology to the *Author*, whoſe Excellencies their Copies but faintly imitate. All that I can ſay in our Defence, is, that ſome of them have fell into much worſe Hands before, who have mangled his Senſe, and debas'd his Poetry, by a cold, unſpirited Tranſlation. Thus

if he does ſome Kindneſs in a moral way, who takes off part of an Injury, tho' he can't redreſs the Whole, we may hope at leaſt to be forgiven who have corrected many Abuſes caſt on Mr. *Addiſon* by former Authors, tho' we could not in all things do him the Juſtice he deſerves.

BRITISH MUSEUM
14 SE 70

La Vergne inv. *E. Kirkall sculp.*

Ad Insignissimum Virum
D. THO. BURNETTUM,
Sacræ Theoriæ Telluris Autorem.

NON usitatum carminis alitem,
BURNETTE, poscis, non humiles modos:
Vulgare plectrum, languidæque
Respuis officium camœnæ.
Tu mixta rerum semina conscius,
Molémque cernis dissociabilem,
Terrámque concretam, & latentem
Oceanum gremio capaci:
Dum veritatem quærere pertinax
Ignota pandis, sollicitus parùm
Utcunque stet commune vulgi
Arbitrium & popularis error.
Auditur ingens continuò fragor,
Illapsa tellus lubrica deserit
Fundamina, & compage fractâ
Suppositas gravis urget undas.
Impulsus erumpit medius liquor,
Terras aquarum effusa licentia
Claudit vicissim; has inter orbis
Reliquiæ fluitant prioris.
Nunc & recluso carcere lucidam
Balæna spectat solis imaginem,
Stellásque miratur natantes,
Et tremulæ simulacra lunæ.

Quæ

Quæ pompa vocum non imitabilis!
Qualis caleſcit ſpiritus ingeni!
Ut tollis undas! ut frementem
Diluvii reprimis tumultum!
Quis tam valenti pectore ferreus
Ut non tremiſcens & timido pede
Incedat, orbis dum doloſi
Detegis inſtabiles ruinas?
Quin hæc cadentûm fragmina montium
Natura vultum ſumere ſimplicem
Coget refingens, in priorem
Mox iterum reditura formam.
Nimbis rubentem ſulphureis Jovem
Cernas; ut udis ſævit atrox Hyems
Incendiis, commune mundo
Et populis meditata Buſtum!
Nudus liquentes plorat Athos nives,
Et mox liqueſcens ipſe adamantinum
Fundit cacumen, dum per imas
Saxa fluunt reſoluta valles.
Jamque alta cœli mœnia corruunt,
Et veſtra tandem pagina (proh nefas!)
BURNETTE, veſtra augebit ignes,
Heu ſocio peritura mundo.
Mox æqua tellus, mox ſubitus viror
Ubique rident: En teretem Globum!
En læta vernantis Favoni
Flamina, perpetuóſque flores!
O pectus ingens! O animum gravem,
Mundi capacem! ſi bonus auguror,
Te, noſtra quo tellus ſuperbit,
Accipiet renovata civem.

Jo. Addiſon, è Coll. Magd. Oxon. 1699.

A N

O D E

To the Learned

Dr. *Thomas Burnett*,

AUTHOR of *The Theory of the* EARTH.

I.

NO common Height the Muſe muſt ſoar,
That wou'd thy Fame in Numbers try;
Nor dare in humble Verſe adore,
But riſe with Thee above the Sky:
You ask a bold and lofty ſtrain,
And what we meanly ſing, diſdain.

II.

You Nature's early Birth explore,
Her diſunited Frame diſcloſe,
From what mix'd Cauſe, and jarring Power,
The Infant Earth to Being roſe:
How, in her Circling Boſom ſleep
Th' impriſon'd Seas, and Bounded Deep.

III.

Reſolv'd great hidden Truths to trace,
Each Learned Fable you deſpiſe;
And, pleas'd, enjoy the fam'd diſgrace,
To think, and reaſon, *ſingly wiſe:*
Each Tale reject by Time allow'd,
And nobly leave the erring Crowd.

IV. Hark!

IV.

Hark! from her weak Foundations tore,
The burſting Earth aſunder flies,
And, prop'd by yielding Seas no more,
The dreadful Crack alarms the Skies:
Whoſe Arches rent, their Weight forego,
And plunge in opening Gulphs below.

V.

Now ruſhing from their watry Bed,
The *driving* Waves diſdain a ſhore;
And with reſiſtleſs Force o'erſpread
That Orb, which check'd their Rage before:
While ſcattered o'er the foamy Tide,
All Nature's floating Ruins ride.

VI.

New Heavens diſclos'd, the Silver Train
The SUN beneath their Waves admire;
And gliding thro' th' enlight'ned Main,
Gaze at each STAR's diminiſh'd Fire.
Well pleas'd, the MOON's bright Orb ſurvey,
Trembling along their Azure Way.

VII.

How ſtrong each Line, each Thought how great
With what an Energy you riſe!
How ſhines each Fancy? with what Heat
Does every glowing Page ſurprize?
While ſpouting Oceans upward flow,
Or ſink again to Caves below.

VIII. As

VIII.

As Nature's Doom you thus impart,
The moving Scene we ſcarce endure;
But, ſhrinking, ask our anxious Heart,
If on our Earth we tread ſecure?
Whoſe Fate unmov'd, as you perſue,
We ſtart and *tremble* but to view.

IX.

Yet *theſe* Remains, we now behold,
Which Tow'ring once in Hills aroſe;
Shall from a New and fairer Mould
A New and fairer Earth compoſe:
Which to her Fate ſhall Owe her Bloom,
And riſe more lovely from her Tomb.

X.

Yet ſee *This* beauteous Fabrick end,
This Second Pride of Fate expire;
While guſhing from the Clouds deſcend
The Burning Storm, the Liquid Fire;
Where Worlds and Men conſuming lie,
And in One bright Confuſion Die.

XI.

Their naked Tops the Hills admire,
No longer white with fleecy Dew;
And as they moan the ſpreading Fire,
Add to the Flames diſſolving too:
While Rocks from melting Mountains flow,
And roll in Streams thro' Vales below,

XII.

And now the Kindling Orbs on high
All Nature's mournful End proclaim;
When thy great WORK, (Alas!) muſt die,
And feed the rich victorious Flame:
Give Vigour to the waſting Fire,
And with the World TOO SOON expire.

XIII.

Once more her Bloom the Earth renews,
Smooth'd into Green, eternal Vales;
Her Glebe ſtill moiſt with fragrant Dews,
Her Air *ſtill* rich with balmy Gales:
No Change her Flowry Seaſons breed,
But Springs retire, and Springs ſucceed.

XIV.

Oh ſay, *Thou* Great, *Thou* Sacred Name,
What Scenes Thy thoughtful Breaſt employ,
Capacious as that *mighty* Frame
You raiſe with Eaſe, with Eaſe deſtroy?
Each World ſhall boaſt thy Fame; and YOU,
Who charm'd the OLD, ſhall grace the NEW.

AD

D. D. HANNES,

INSIGNISSIMUM

MEDICUM & POETAM.

O QUI canoro blandiùs Orpheo
Vocale ducis carmen, & exitu
Feliciore luctuoſis
Sæpe animam revocas ab umbris,
Jam ſeu ſolutos in numerum pedes
Cogis, vel ægrum & vix animæ tenax
Corpus tueris, ſeu cadaver
Luminibus penetras acutis;
Opus relinquens eripe te moræ,
Frontémque curis ſolicitam explica,
Scyphúmque jucundus require
Purpureo gravidum Lyæo.
Nunc plena magni pocula poſtules
Memor WILHELMI, nunc moveat ſitim
Miniſter ingens, Imperîque
Præſidium haud leve, MONTACUTUS.

Omitte tandem triſte negotium
Gravéſque curas, heu nimium pius!
Nec cæteros cautus mederi
Ipſe tuam minuas ſalutem.
Fruſtra cruorem pulſibus incitis
Ebullientem pollice comprimis,
Attentus explorare venam
Quæ febris exagitet tumentem:
Fruſtra liquores quot Chymica expedit
Fornax, & error ſanguinis, & vigor
Innatus herbis te fatigant:
Seriùs aut citiùs ſepulchro
Debemur omnes, vitáque deſeret
Expulſa morbis corpus inhoſpitum,
Lentúmque deflebunt nepotes
(Relliquias Animæ) cadaver.
Manes videbis Tu quoque fabulas,
Quos pauciores fecerit Ars tua;
Suúmque victorem viciſſim
Subjiciet Libitina victrix.
Decurrit illi vita beatior
Quicunque Lucem non nimis anxius
Reddit moleſtam, urgétve curas
Sponte ſuâ ſatis ingruentes;
Et quem dierum lene fluentium
Delectat ordo, vitáque mutuis
Felix amicis, gaudiiſque
Innocuis benè temperata,

Jo. Addiſon, è Coll. Magd. Oxon. 1699.

AN ODE TO Dr. *HANNES*, An Eminent PHYSICIAN and POET.

I.

WHILE flying o'er the Golden Strings,
You gently wake the tuneful Lyre;
Or tender, as when ORPHEUS ſings,
With *ſofter* Sounds the Harp inſpire:
Sad fleeting Ghoſts with Art conſtrain
Back to a *kinder Life* again.

II.

Whether, in graceful Lays you ſhine,
And Verſe your eaſy Hours employ;
Or give the Soul, her mouldring Shrine
Decay'd, a *Fairer* to enjoy:
The Body, cold in Death, explore
Thy Skill could only, *not* reſtore.

III.

Awhile thy learned Toil decline,
Nor anxious more, in ſmiles allow
The Circling Glaſs, the Generous Wine,
T' unbend, and ſmooth thy chearful Brow:
Nor longer to *thy ſelf* ſevere,
In the rich Draught forget thy care.

IV. Now

IV.

Now with thy Monarch's Glory fir'd,
Let *Great* NASSAU thy Thirſt inflame;
Or by his MOUNTAGUE * inſpir'd,
Record the Patriot's faithful Name:
By whoſe wiſe Arts, and watchful Pains,
HE Rules in Peace, in Safety Reigns!

V.

At length thy mournful Task forbear,
From ſad'ning Thoughts ſome reſpite find;
And while we *bleſs* thy pious Care,
Be to thy ſelf, *in pity*, kind:
Inſpir'd with your own Bleſſings, live;
Nor want *Your ſelf* that Bloom *you* give.

---

* *The late Earl of* Halifax.

VI. In

VI.

In vain the Blood's tumultuous Tide,
And circling Stream your Hand reſtrains;
Taught o'er the Pulſes to preſide,
And well explore the bubbling Veins:
That with the Fever's ſwelling Heat
Glow *more* inflam'd, *more* fiercely beat.

VII.

In vain you try each *Chymic Power*,
Trace to its Spring the Sanguine Wave;
And kindly ſearch *each* healing Flower
For Helps to guard us from the Grave:
In endleſs Bloom to bid us live,
Which THOU, nor THEY (Alas) can give.

VIII. One

VIII.

One certain Fate by Heaven decreed,
In ſpite of Thee we all muſt try;
When from her burſting Priſon freed,
The mounting Soul ſhall *claim* the Sky:
Our Sons muſt once lament our Doom,
And ſhed their Sorrows round our Tomb.

IX.

Thou too ſhalt with pale Horror ſee
The Fabled Ghoſts which glare below,
Which to the Shades, reſtrain'd by *Thee*,
In thinner Shoals, deſcending, flow:
And Death, whoſe Power you now defy,
Shall boaſt, her Conqueror *can* Die.

X. *His*

X.

His Life alone is greatly bleſt,
Whom no intruding Griefs annoy;
Who ſmiles each happy Day, poſſeſt
Of chearful *Eaſe*, and harmleſs *Joy*:
Nor *ſadly* ſoothing his own Cares,
Augments himſelf the Weight he bears.

XI.

Pleas'd, with a few ſelected Friends,
He views each ſmiling Evening cloſe;
While each ſucceeding Morn aſcends,
Charg'd with Delights, unmark'd with Woes:
In Pleaſures innocently gay,
Wears the Remains of Life away.

ΠΥΓΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΡΑΝΟ-ΜΑΧΙΑ,

SIVE,

PRÆLIUM

INTER

PYGMÆOS & GRUES commiſſum.

PEnnatas acies, & lamentabile bellum
Pygmeadum refero: parvas tu, Muſa, cohortes
Inſtrue: tu gladios, mortémque minantia roſtra,
Offenſoſque Grues, indignantéſque puſillam
Militiam celebra; volucrúmque hominúmque tumultus.
Heroüm ingentes animos & triſtia bella
Pieridum labor exhauſit, verſúque ſonoro
Juſſit, & æternâ numerorum aſſurgere pompâ:
Quis lectos Grajûm juvenes, & torva tuentem
Theſea, Quis pedibus velocem ignorat Achillem?
Quem dura Æneæ certamina, quem GULIELMI
Geſta latent? fratres Thebani, & flebile fatum
Pompei quem non delaſſavêre legentem?

Primus ego intactas acies, gracilémque tubarum
Carmine depingam ſonitum, nova caſtra ſecutus ;
Exiguóſque canam pugiles, Gruibuſque malignos
Heroas, nigriſque ruentem è nubibus hoſtem.
Quâ ſolis tepet ortu, primitiiſque diei
India læta rubet, medium inter inhoſpita ſaxa
(Per placidam vallem, & paucis acceſſa vireta)
Pygmæûm quondam ſteterat, dum fata ſinebant,
Imperium. Hîc varias vitam excoluêre per artes
Seduli, & aſſiduo fervebant arva popello.
Nunc ſi quis dura evadat per ſaxa viator,
Deſertóſque lares, & valles oſſibus albas
Exiguis videt, & veſtigia parva ſtupeſcit.
Deſolata tenet victrix impunè volucris
Regna, & ſecuro crepitat Grus improba nido.
Non ſic, dum multos ſtetit inſuperabilis annos
Parvula progenies ; tum, ſi quis cominùs ales
Congredi, & immixtæ auderet ſe credere pugnæ,
Miles atrox aderat, ſumptiſque feroculus armis
Sternit humi volucrem moribundam, humeriſque reportat
Ingentem prædam ; cæſóque epulatur in hoſte.
Sæpè improviſas mactabat, ſæpè juvabat
Diripere aut nidum, aut ulciſci in prole parentem.
Nempe larem quoties multâ conſtruxerat arte,
Aut uteri poſuiſſet onus, volucrémque futuram ;
Continuò vultu ſpirans immane minaci
Omnia vaſtaret miles, fœtúſque necaret
Immeritos, vitámque abrumperet imperfectam,
Cum tepido nondum maturuit hoſtis in ovo.

Hinc

Hinc cauſæ irarum, bella hinc, fatalia bella,
Atque acies letho intentæ, volucrúmque virûmque
Commiſſæ ſtrages, confuſáque mortis imago.
Non tantos motus, nec tam memorabile bellum
Mæonius quondam ſublimi carmine Vates
Luſit ; ubi totam ſtrepitúque armiſque paludem
Miſcuit: hîc (viſu miſerabile!) corpora murum
Sparſa jacent juncis transfixa, hìc gutture rauco
Rana dolet, pedibúſque abſciſſo poplite ternis
Reptat humi, ſolitis nec ſeſe ſaltibus effert.
Jamque dies Pygmæo aderat, quo tempore cæſi
Pœnituit fœtûs, intactáque maluit ova.
Nam ſuper his accenſa graves exarſit in iras
Grus ſtomachans ; omnéſque ſimul, quas Strymonis unda,
Aut ſtagnum Mareotidis, imi aut uda Cayſtri
Prata tenent, adſunt ; Scythicâque excita palude,
Et conjurato volucris deſcendit ab Iſtro,
Stragéſque immenſas & vulnera cogitat abſens,
Exacuitque ungues ictum meditata futurum,
Et roſtrum parat acre, fugæque accommodat alas.
Tantus amor belli, & vindictæ arrecta cupido.
Ergò ubi ver nactus proprium, ſuſpenſus in alto
Aëre concuſſis exercitus obſtrepit alis,
Terræque immenſos tractus, ſemotáque longè
Æquora deſpiciunt, Boreámque & nubila tranant
Innumeri. Crebro circùm ingens fluctuat æther
Flamine, & aſſiduus miſcet cœlum omne tumultus.
Nec minor in terris motus, dum bella faceſſit
Impiger, inſtituitque agmen, firmátque phalangas,
Et furit arreptis animoſus homuncio telis:

Donec turma duas compôſta excurrat in alas,
Ordinibúſque frequens, & marte inſtructa perito.
Jamque acies inter medias ſeſe arduus infert
Pygmeadum ductor, qui majeſtate verendus,
Inceſſúque gravis, reliquos ſupereminet omnes
Mole Giganteâ, mediámque aſſurgit in ulnam.
Torvior aſpectu (hoſtilis nam inſculpſerat unguis
Ore cicatrices) vultúque oſtentat honeſta
Roſtrorum ſigna, & crudos in pectore morſus.
Immortali odio, æterniſque exercuit iris
Alituum Gentem, non illum impunè volucris
Aut ore, aut pedibus peteret confiſus aduncis.
Fatalem quoties Gruibus diſtrinxerat enſem,
Truncavitque alas, celerique fugam abſtulit hoſti !
Quot fecit ſtrages ! Quæ nudis funera pullis
Intulit, heu ! Quoties implevit Strymona fletu !
Jamque procul ſonus auditur, piceámque volantûm
Proſpectant nubem, bellúmque hoſtéſque ferentem.
Crebreſcit tandem, atque oculis ſe plurimus offert
Ordinibus ſtructus variis exercitus ingens
Alituum, motiſque eventilat aëra pennis.
Turba polum replet, ſpecieque immanis obumbrat
Agmina Pygmæorum, & denſa in nubibus hæret :
Nunc denſa, at patriis mox reddita rarior oris.
Belli ardent ſtudio Pygmæi, & lumine ſævo
Suſpiciunt hoſtem ; nec longum tempus, & ingens
Turba Gruum horrifico ſeſe ſuper agmina lapſu
Præcipitat gravis, & bellum ſperantibus infert.
Fit fragor ; avulſæ volitant circum aëra plumæ.
Mox defeſſa iterum levibus ſeſe eripit alis,

Et

Et vires reparata iterum petit impete terras.
Armorum pendet fortuna: hîc fixa volucris
Cuſpide, ſanguineo ſeſe furibunda rotatu
Torquet agens circùm, roſtrúmque intendit in hoſtem
Imbelle, & curvos in morte recolligit ungues.
Pygmæi hîc ſtillat lentus de vulnere ſanguis,
Singultúſque ciet crebros, pedibúſque puſillis
Tundit humum, & moriens unguem execratur acutum.
Æſtuat omne ſolum ſtrepitu, tepidóque rubeſcit
Sanguine, ſparguntur gladii, ſparguntur & alæ,
Unguéſque & digiti, commiſtáque roſtra lacertis.
Pygmeadum ſævit, mediiſque in millibus ardet,
Ductor, quem latè hinc atque hinc pereuntia cingunt
Corpora fuſa Gruum; mediâque in morte vagatur,
Nec plauſu alarum, nec roſtri concidit ictu.
Ille Gruum terror, illum denſiſſima circum
Miſcetur pugna, & bellum omne laborat in uno:
Cùm, ſubito appulſus (ſic Dî voluêre) tumultu
Ex inopino ingens & formidabilis Ales
Comprendit pedibus pugnantem; & (triſte relatu)
Suſtulit in cœlum; Bellator ab unguibus hæret
Pendulus, agglomerat ſtrepitu globus undique denſus
Alituum; fruſtra Pygmæi lumine mæſto
Regem inter nubes lugent, ſolitóque minorem
Heroem aſpiciunt Gruibus plaudentibus eſcam.
Jamque recrudeſcit bellum, Grus deſuper urget
Pygmæum roſtro, atque hoſtem petit ardua morſu;
Tum fugit alta volans; is ſurſùm brachia jactat
Vulneris impatiens, & inanes ſævit in auras.
Talis erat belli facies, cum Pelion ingens

Mitteret

Mitteret in cœlum Briareus, ſolióque Tonantem
Præcipitem excuteret ; ſparguntur in æthere toto
Fulminâque ſcopulique : flagrantia tela deorſum
Torquentur Jovis acta manu, dum vaſta Gigantum
Corpora fuſa jacent, ſemiuſtâque ſulphure fumant.
Viribus abſumptis penitùs Pygmeïa tandem
Agmina langueſcunt ; ergo pars vertere terga
Horribili perculſa metu, pars tollere vocem
Exiguam ; latè populus Cubitalis oberrat.
Inſtant à tergo volucres, lacerántque trahúntque
Immites, certæ gentem extirpare nefandam.
Sic Pygmæa domus multos dominata per annos,
Tot bellis defuncta, Gruum tot læta triumphis,
Funditùs interiit : Nempe exitus omnia tandem
Certus Regna manet, ſunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra tranſire nefas : ſic corruit olim
Aſſyriæ Imperium, ſic magnæ Perſidis imis
Sedibus everſum eſt, & majus utroque Latinum.
Elyſii valles nunc agmine luſtrat inani,
Et veterum Heroum miſcetur grandibus umbris
Plebs parva : aut, ſi quid fidei mereatur anilis
Fabula, Paſtores per noctis opaca puſillas
Sæpe vident umbras, Pygmæos corpore caſſos.
Dum ſecura Gruum, & veteres oblita labores,
Lætitiæ penitùs vacat, indulgétque choreis,
Anguſtóſque terit calles, viridéſque per orbes
Turba levis ſalit, & Lemurum cognomine gaudet.

Jo. Addiſon, M. A. è Coll. Magd. Oxon. 1699.

THE BATTEL OF THE PYGMIES and CRANES.

THE *Feather'd Warriors*, and the *Pigmy-State*,
Record, Oh Muſe! their Battels, and their Fate.
Sing their great Wars, and as their Troops engage,
Guide the *low Heroes*, and direct their Rage.

Here

Here *Swords* all flaming for the Fight diſplay;
There *Beaks* as vengeful, and as keen as they:
Dreadfully mingling in one lofty Strain,
The *Pygmies* Courage, and the Foes Diſdain.
While *Birds* and *Men* in dire dread Conflicts try
The Earth's Command, and Empire of the Sky.

Already fair in Verſe each Warrior's Name,
The Muſe has greatly ſung, and paid with Fame:
His hardy Toil with Tranſport each admires,
The Poet riſing, as the Chief inſpires.
To diſtant Time the Muſe has handed down
The *Græcian* Valour, and her Youths Renown.
How ſternly brave in Fight great THESEUS glows;
How ſwift ACHILLES drives upon his Foes.

ÆNEAS

ÆNEAS' Fame with Wonder we peruſe,
And WILLIAM's wreaths are green in ev'ry Muſe.
While *Theban* Chiefs, and POMPEY's mourn-
ful Name,
Weary each Eye, and tire us with their Fame.
My bolder Muſe, unſung in antient Lays,
New Battels ranges, and new Camps ſurveys;
In Verſe the Trumpet's Silver Sound deſcribes,
And fatal to the *Cranes*, the *Pygmy* Tribes.
Dark thro' the Air, while hov'ring Nations flow,
And from the Clouds deſcends the *Feather'd*
Foe.

Where happy *India* boaſts a warmer Ray,
And, ſmiling, bluſhes at the Birth of Day:
Embrac'd by Rocks, a flow'ry Vale is ſeen,
By Few frequented, and for ever green.

Here high in Fame (till Heaven that Fame with-
ſtand)
The ſpreading *Pygmy* Nations wide command;
By various Arts a frugal Life ſuſtain,
While lab'ring Millions throng each crowded
Plain.
But now their Deſart Realms, as we deſcry,
Untill'd their Vales, their Bowers unpeopled lye.
While Bones of *mighty* Dwarfs, and Warriors
ſlain,
Strike ev'ry Eye, and whiten all the Plain.
Theſe Realms are now by *Victor-Cranes* poſſeſt;
There ſafe they triumph in each airy Neſt.
Not thus they moan'd their Country's Fate of
old,
When Subject States their Monarchs Arm con-
troul'd.

The

The Soldier then, when e'er the Foe drew near,
Graſp'd hard his Sword, and, dreadful, ſhook
his Spear:
Till gaſping now, and breathleſs on the Ground,
Deep in his Breaſt he drives the deadly Wound.
His Shoulders ſcarce the pond'rous Spoil convey.
Alive his Terror, and, when dead, his Prey.
Oft in the Grove her curious Manſions hung,
His Rage o'erthrows, and ſlays the *Crying Young*.
The *Mother-Bird*, from far, beholds with Pain
Her Kingdoms rifled, and her Infants ſlain;
Whoſe little Lives their Parents Guilt atone
For Crimes alas! expiring, not their own.
His Breaſt no Pity to their Cries will give;
Doom'd by his Sword to *dye*, before they *live*;
E'er yet a Form th' *imperfect Young* enjoys;
And in the *Egg* the future Foe deſtroys.

From this dire Spring immortal Diſcords roſe,
Which wrought the Sons of Fame unnumber'd Foes:
While warring Troops diſturb the Earth and Sky,
And *Birds*, and *Men*, confus'd together, *dye*.

Leſs Tumults from leſs noble Cauſes ſprung,
The *Græcian* Bard of old ſublimely ſung.
While Thund'ring Arms, and meeting Hoſts around,
Mix in one Noiſe, and all the Lake * confound.
Here ſcatter'd o'er the bloody Plains are laid
Expiring *Mice*, by Bulruſh-Spears deſtroy'd:

* Homer's *Batrachomyomachia*.

There

There limping *Frogs*, diſtain'd with gen'rous
Gore,
In deep hoarſe Plaints their abſent Limbs deplore:
Unactive now, forget their ſpringing Bound,
And hardly trail their ſluggiſh Weight along
the Ground.

Now the great Morn her Light began diſ-
cloſe:
That Morn, which fatal to the *Pygmies* roſe,
When they ſhall rue the Raſhneſs of their
Guilt,
And wiſh the *Young* unſlain, the *Egg* unſpilt.
For this the vengeful Sires in War engage,
Burn with Revenge, and call forth all their Rage;

Sad

Sad with Regret, they ſummon from afar
Wide diſtant Nations to the airy War.
What Troops remote *Strymonian* Waters breed,
And o'er *Caiſters* flow'ry Meadows feed:
What hardy Bands the *Scythian* Lakes ſupply,
Or pour'd from *Iſter*'s Banks obſcure the Sky;
Confed'rate join — with Slaughter all around
Their Boſoms ſwell, and, abſent, ſeem to wound.
Each whet their Talons, and their Beaks prepare
To gore the Battel, and confuſe the War.
For ſpeedy Flight the ſounding Pinions dreſt,
Such Thirſt of Vengeance heaves each Warrior's Breaſt.

Now Spring arriv'd, the gath'ring Troops on high
Cut the mid Air, and ſail along the Sky.

Beneath

Beneath their Wings as they ſublimely ſoar,
Wide Empires ſtretch, and wider Oceans roar.
Thro' the bleak North as they their Legions guide,
The Day grows darker, and the Clouds divide.
Fan'd with the Blaſt, and trembling as they fly,
A loud deep Murmur runs along the Sky.

Nor leſs on Earth the *Pygmy* Fury glows,
Whoſe Chiefs for Fight the Martial Troops diſpoſe,
Direct the War — and as the Foe draws near,
Each gripes his Sword, and, eager, ſhakes his Spear.
While cloſely wedg'd, and dreadful to the Foe,
Their double Battel hides the Plain below.

And

And now the MONARCH of the *Pygmy*
Throng,
Advancing, ſtalks with ample Strides along;
Slowly he moves, Majeſtically tall;
Tow'rs o'er his Subjects, and o'erlooks 'em all.
A *Giant-Pygmy*, whoſe high Spirits ſwell,
Elated with the Size of *half an Ell.*
Stern was his Viſage — for his Face all o'er
Of Savage Clans the dire Impreſſions bore;
And ſeam'd with ghaſtly Wounds his manly
Breaſt;
Still own'd the Foe, and ſtill the Nails confeſt.
Hence Wrath, immortal Wrath, his Boſom fir'd
To quell the Nations, and his *Fall* conſpir'd:
Who join'd in Arms his Fury to reſtrain,
Whet keen their Claws, and plunge their Beaks
in vain. Oft,

Oft, as his Sword its Edge in Battel ſhows,
To lop a Pinion, and retard his Foes,
What Heaps of Dead, what Mountains of the ſlain,
What Slaughter reddens all the ſlipp'ry Plain?
While ſighing o'er *Strymonian* Lakes alone,
Sad Widows languiſh, and ſad Orphans moan.

Now broken Murmurs, ſounding from afar,
Preſage th' Approaches of the flying War.
Black with the Foe, the Clouds they now deſcry,
Cleaving the Air, and marching thro' the Sky.
Wing'd Troops diſcloſing, as they wide unfold;
And what they heard aloft, they now behold.
In ſolemn State above, and ſtrict Array,
A dreadful Scene the hov'ring Troops diſplay.

Their ſpreading War extends along the Skies,
And the fann'd Air before their Pinions flies.
All Heaven is crowded, and the dark'ning Foe,
Hung in the Clouds, obſcures the Camp below;
With gloomy Horror ſhades the nether Plain,
And Millions, ne'er to view their Native Groves again.

The *Pygmy* Troops beneath, in firm Array,
With eager Looks the hanging Foe ſurvey:
Up to the Clouds their vengeful Eyes they turn,
Demand the Fight, and for the Combat burn.
When lo! the *Cranes*, deſcending from on high,
Ruſh thro' the Air, and dart along the Sky.

Amidſt

Amidſt his Ranks they drive their plunging
Bands,
And give that Battel which the Foe demands.
Both Hoſts engage——dire deaf'ning Murmurs
riſe,
And Clouds of Feathers floating fill the Skies.
The fainting *Birds*, their Vigour to repair,
Now leave the Field, and skim aloft in Air:
Their Strength renew'd, they ſhoot along the
Plain,
Mix in the Fight, and urge the War again.
Each ſide an equal Part of Glory ſhares,
And Conqueſt yet for neither Hoſt declares.
Here a brave Warrior wounded as he flies,
In circling Eddies whirls around the Skies:
Still as the Foe his fruitleſs Vengeance tires,
Collects his Talons, and in Rage expires.

There gently ſtreaming from the Heroes Veins,
A *Pygmy*'s Gore the Purple Field diſtains;
Deep Murmurs from his heaving Heart reſound;
Panting he falls, and beats the bleeding Ground.
While Shades of Death o'erſpread his ſwimming Eyes,
Curſes the Foe's avenging Claws, and dies.

And now the Ghoſtly Fields of Death, all o'er
Confus'd with Noiſe, and warm with ſmoaking Gore;
From every Eye a ſoft Compaſſion draw;
Here ſhines a Sword, there ſprawls a trembling Claw:

While

While copious Slaughter gluts the ſlipp'ry Plain
With Wings of Birds, and Limbs of Mortals ſlain.
The *Pygmy*-Chief, his Faulchion waving high,
Wide waſting drops — while Millions round him die.
Amidſt Ten Thouſand Deaths ſecure he ſprings,
Mocks their ſharp Beaks and perſecuting Wings.

To ſtop his waſting Sword, th' avenging Foe
In circling Troops around the Warrior flow.

Dark

Dark o'er his Helmet thronging Legions ſpread,
And all the Battel rages round his Head.
When lo! a *Crane*, ſwift ſhooting from above,
(Such was the Will and dire Decree of JOVE)
Caught in his wounding Talons, as he flies,
Faſt gripes the Foe, and bears him thro' the Skies.
A Cloud of Birds the Captive-*King* ſurround,
Clap their glad Wings, and waft him from the Ground:
While bore aloft, and leſs'ning as he ſoars,
Each *Pygmy* views his Lord, and each deplores.
But ſigh in vain, their Monarch's Arm o'er-power'd,
Their Monarch vanquiſh'd firſt, and then de-vour'd.

But ſee the War once more revives on high,
ounds thro' the Air, and ranges o'er the Sky.
The *Pygmy*'s Sword around with Vengeance drove;
The *Cranes* diſdain, and gore him from above.
Then skim aloft; the ſprawling Chief with Pain
Shrinks from the Wound, and waves his Arm in vain.

Such was the War, when Mountains toſs'd on high,
Shook JOVE's High Throne, and labour'd up the Sky.
While Heav'n and Earth a doubtful Fight prepare,
And Rocks and Thunders mingle in the Air.

Till

Till the wing'd Bolt, all flaming from above,
Launch'd from the dreadful red Right Hand of Jove,
Confounds the War. His falling Rival's ſlain,
Gaſp o'er the Fields — and ſmoaking hide the Plain.
And now their Vigour ſpent, their Martial Fire
Glowing in vain, the *Pygmy*-Troops retire.
Pale with Deſpair they leave the fatal Field,
For Pity raiſe their ſhrill low Voice, and yield,
But fierce behind the *Cranes* perſue their way;
Dart from above, and tear the flying Prey.
Thro' Fields of Death the mangled Warriors chace,
And in one Battel end the faithleſs *Race*.

The

The *Pygmy*-Nation, thus ſo long renown'd,
O'erſpread with Lawrels, and with Trophies crown'd,
Reſigns her Fame — for Heaven and partial Fate
To Earth's great Empires fix one certain Date;
Aſſign the Period to each Nation's Fame.
Thus roſe, and thus expir'd th' *Aſſyrian* Name;
Thus ſunk (alike their Glory, and their Doom)
Thy Pride, O *Perſia*, and thy Grandeur, *Rome*.

Now mix'd with Shades of mighty Heroes ſlain,
The empty Troops o'erſpread th' *Elyſian* Plain:
And if th' important Story be allow'd,
Confirm'd by Fame, each Night the *Fairy-Crowd*,

Unbody'd Forms, by wond'ring Shepherds ſeen,
Skim thro' the Gloom, and wanton o'er the Green.
With Schemes of War no more their Boſoms glow,
Forget their Labours, and their *Feather'd Foe.*
But ſportive now in wanton Dances round,
With narrow Tracks they mark the flow'ry Ground:
A greener Turf the verdant Ring ſupplies,
And in the *Fairy-Name* the *Pygmy* dies.

BAROMETRI

DESCRIPTIO.

QUà penetrat foſſor terræ cæca antra, metallo
Fœcunda informi, rudibúſque nitentia venis;
Dum ſtupet occultas gazas, nummóſque futuros,
Eruit argenti latices, nitidúmque liquorem;
Qui nullo effuſus prodit veſtigia tractu,
Nec terram ſigno revolubilis imprimit udo,
ed fractus ſparſim in globulos formam uſq; rotundam
ervat, & in teretes lapſans ſe colligit orbes.
Incertum quâ ſit naturâ, an negligat ultrà
erficier, jubar & maturus inutile temnat;

An potius ſolis vis imperfecta relinquat
Argentum malè coctum, divitiaſque fluentes:
Quicquid erit, magno ſe jactat nobilis uſu;
Nec Deus effulſit magis aſpectabilis olim,
Cùm Danaen flavo circum pretioſus amictu
Ambiit, &, gratam ſuadente libidine formam,
Depluit irriguo liquefactum Numen in Auro.

Quin age, ſume tubum fragilem, cui denſior aër
Excluſus; fundo vitri ſubſidat in imo
Argenti ſtagnum; ut pluviâ impendente metallum
Mobile deſcendat, vel contrà, ubi poſtulat æſtus,
Prodeat hinc liquor emergens, & rurſus inane
Occupet aſcenſu, tubulúmque excurrat in omnem.

Jam cœli faciem, tempeſtatéſque futuras,
Conſcia lympha monet, brumámque & frigora narrat.
Nam quoties liquor inſurgit, vitreóque canali
Sublatum nequeunt ripæ cohibere priores;
Tum lætos ſperare dies licet, arva fatentur
Æſtatem, & largè diffuſo lumine rident.
Sin ſeſe immodicùm attollens Argenteus humor,
Et nimium oppreſſus, contendat ad ardua vitri,
Jam ſitiunt herbæ, jam ſuccos flamma feraces
Excoquit, & languent conſumto prata virore.

Cum verò tenues nebulas ſpiracula terræ
Fundunt, & madidi fluitant ſuper æquora fumi,

Pabula venturæ pluviæ ; tum fusile pondus
Inferiora petit ; nec certior Ardea cœlos
Indicat humentes, medias quando ætheris oras
Tranando, crassâ fruitur sublimiùs aurâ,
Discutit & madidis rorantia nubila pennis.
Nunc guttæ agglomerant, dispersas frigora stipant
Particulas, rarâsque in nimbum cogitur humor :
Prata virent, segetem fœcundis imbribus æther
Irrigat, & bibulæ radici alimenta ministrat.
Quin ubi plus æquo descendens unda metalli
Fundum amat, impatiens pluviæ, metuensq; procellam,
Agricolæ caveant ; non hoc impunè colonus
Aspicit ; ostendet mox fœta vaporibus aura
Collectas hyemes, tempestatémque sonoram.
At licet Argentum mole incumbente levatum
Subsidat, penitúsque imo se condat in alveô,
Cætera quæque tument ; eversis flumina ripis
Expatiata ruunt, spumantibus æstuat undis
Diluvium, rapidique effusa licentia ponti.
Nulla tacet secreta poli mirabile vitrum,
Quin varios cœli vultus & tempora prodit.
Antè refert, quando tenui velamine tutus
Incedes, quando sperabis frigidus ignem.
Augurio hoc fretus, quanquam atri nubila cœli
Dirumpunt obscura diem, pluviásque minantur ;

Machina

Machina si neget, & sudum promittat apertum,
Audax carpat iter nimbo pendente viator ;
Nec metuens imbrem, poscentes Messor aristas
Prosternat : terræ jam bruma incumbit inermis,
Frigoráque haud nocitura cadunt, feriúntque paratos.

Jo. Addisor, A. B. è Coll. Magd. Oxon. 1699.

THE BAROMETER: OR, WEATHER-GLASS.

IN thoſe dark Caverns of the teeming Earth,
Where Nature gives to various Metals Birth:
Where maſſy Bars of *Oar* unfaſhion'd lay,
And her Veins glitter with a ruddy Ray;

There, as the wond'ring *Workman* views the Mine
With ſecret Riches fraught, and *future Coin*,
His Hands a *ſhining Silver Fountain* force,
That runs, and rowls unmarking of its Courſe.
No Signs, no moiſten'd Tracts of Earth betray
Or its firſt-flowing, or returning way;
Tho' broke, in gather'd Globes it ſtill appears,
And recollects it ſelf in rounded *Spheres*.

None know its Nature: whether greatly born,
The noble Fluid ſlow Perfection ſcorn;
And ripe, and finiſh'd in it ſelf, deſpiſe
Subliming Sun-light, and maturing Skies.
Or rather, if the *Sun*'s imperfect Beam
Leave it a looſe, unripen'd Silver Stream,

Fluid Treaſure: Whatſoe'er it be,
boaſts of Uſes of a high Degree.

But ſee the Fact: A *Glaſſy Tube* prepare,
And from the Veſſel pump the groſſer Air:
The Bottom let the *Silver Lake* ſupply,
Obſequious to the Motions of the Sky:
That ſo, when gath'ring Show'rs in Air depend,
The *fluctuating Metal* may deſcend.
And when the warmer, ſultry Heats adviſe,
The quick-emerging Liquor may ariſe,
Poſſeſs the *Void*, from ev'ry Diſtance paſs,
And *leave*, and *fill*, all *Spaces* of the *Glaſs*.

The *Tube* thus fix'd; the *Conſcious Liquors* tries,
And tells before the Temper of the Skies.

In its bright Face you certainly behold
The distant Winter, and the future *Cold*.
For when the mounting *Fluid* upward tends,
And in the Glassy Channel high ascends;
Then comes the Promise of serener Days,
A brighter SUN in purer *Æther* plays;
And laughing Fields confess the Summer Rays.
But if the *Silver Stream* by too great Weight
Swells much, and rises to the top-most Height;
Then fade the wither'd Herbs, the Juices fly,
The Plants grow thirsty, and the Meadows die.

But when the breathing Earth thin Mists exhales,
And murky Smoak depends on heavy Gales,

ſlowly ſailing o'er the Surface low'rs,
he Cauſe, and Nutriment of future Show'rs:
hen from their Height the *pond'rous Liquids*
flow;
nk down, and form a *Silver Lake* below.
ſervers draw not from the *Bittourn*'s Play,
rer Preſages of a *weeping Day*;
hen the *Bird* mounts beyond her common
Height,
nd in the middle *Æther* ſhapes her Flight;
ortful enjoys the miſty Clouds, and flings
he dropping Moiſture from her flaggy Wings.
t now the *Cold* produces new Effects,
e ſcatter'd Drops in ſhining Orbs collects.
nen Fields look green, in fruitful Show'rs the
Rain
aks the dry Roots, and ſwells the teeming
Grain.

But when the *Streaming Metal's* lucid Weight
Falls deeply down, and loves a lower State;
As if impatient of the Show'ry Skies,
Retires, and, fearful of the Tempeſt, flies.
That Sight, ye cautious Swains, obſerve with Skill:
Portentous Sign! and Ominous of Ill!
Soon will the pregnant *Air* her Vapours ſhow,
Winter come arm'd, and ſounding Whirlwinds blow.
But tho' the *Fluid leſſer preſs'd* ſubſides,
And almoſt all its Silver Subſtance hides:
Yet other things beyond their Limits ſwell,
Streams burſt their Banks, and mighty Floods rebel,

In frothy Tides each boiling Deluge raves,
And Seas o'erflow with *mad licentious* Waves.

This wond'rous *Glaſs* a thouſand Truths diſ-
plays,
And all the Secrets of the Skies betrays.
By this the Face of Heav'n is juſtly ſhown;
The *Changes* told, and all the *Seaſons* known.
This tells you *when* to truſt a loſe Attire,
And warns you *when* to hope a Winter Fire.

On this *Prognoſtic Trav'lers* may rely,
Tho' the Clouds gather, and obſcure the Sky,
And threaten Tempeſts to the doubtful Eye.
Yet if inſpecting of the ſure *Machine*,
The *Glaſs* deny, and promiſe it *ſerene*;

Beneath

Beneath the *hanging Show'r* they ſafe may go;
And fearleſs of the Rain the Swain may mow.

This *faithful Glaſs* the Wrath of Heav'n defies,
Makes Winter pointleſs, and diſarms the Skies:
Froſts, *Colds*, and *Tempeſts*, when by *This* prepar'd,
Fall Innocent, and meet us on our Guard.

MACHINÆ GESTICULANTES.

Admiranda cano levium ſpectacula rerum,
Exiguam gentem, & vacuum ſine mente popellum ;
Quem, non ſurreptis cœli de fornice flammis,
Innocuâ melior fabricaverat arte Promotheus.
Compita quà riſu fervent, glomerátque tumultum
Hiſtrio, delectátque inhiantem ſcommate turbam ;
Quotquot lætitiæ ſtudio aut novitate tenentur,
Undique congreſſi permiſſa ſedilia complent.
Nec confuſus honos ; nummo ſubſellia cedunt
Diverſo, & varii ad pretium ſtat copia ſcamni.
Tandem ubi ſubtrahitur velamen, lumina paſſim
Anguſtos penetrant aditus, quà plurima viſum
Fila ſecant, ne, cùm vacuo datur ore feneſtra,
Pervia fraus pateat : mox ſtridula turba penates
Ingreditur pictos, & mœnia ſquallida fuco.

Hic

Hîc humiles inter ſcenas, anguſtáque clauſtra,
Quicquid agunt homines, Concurſus, Bella, Triumphos,
Ludit in exiguo plebecula parvâ Theatro.
Sed præter reliquos incedit HOMUNCIO raucâ
Voce ſtrepens; major ſubnectit fibula veſtem,
Et referunt vivos errantia lumina motus;
In ventrem tumet immodicum; ponè eminet ingens
A tergo gibbus; Pygmæum territat agmen
Major, & immanem miratur turba Gigantem.
Hic magnâ fretus mole, imparibúſque lacertis
Confiſus, gracili jactat convitia vulgo,
Et crebro ſolvit, lepidum caput, ora cachinno.
Quanquam res agitur ſolenni ſeria pompâ,
Spernit ſollicitum intractabilis ille tumultum,
Et riſu importunus adeſt, atque omnia turbat.
Nec rarò invadit molles, pictámque protervo
Ore petit Nympham, invitóque dat oſcula ligno.
Sed comitum vulgus diverſis membra fatigant
Ludis, & vario laſcivit mobile ſaltu.
Sæpe etiam gemmis rutila, & ſpectabilis auro,
Lignea gens prodit, nitidíſque ſuperbit in oſtris.
Nam, quoties feſtam celebrat ſub Imagine lucem,
Ordine compoſito Nympharum incedit honeſtum
Agmen, & exigui Proceres, parvíque Quirites.
Pygmæos credas poſitis miteſcere bellis,
Jamque, infenſa Gruum temnentes prelia, tutos
Indulgere jocis, teneríſque vacare choreis.
Tales, cùm medio labuntur ſidera cœlo,
Parvi ſubſiliunt Lemures, populáſque puſillus
Feſtivos, rediens ſua per veſtigia, gyros

Ducit,

Ducit, & anguſtum crebro pede pulſitat orbem.
Manè patent greſſus ; hinc ſuccos terra feraces
Concipit, in multam pubentia gramina ſurgunt
Luxuriem, teneríſque vireſcit circulus herbis.
At non tranquillas nulla abdunt nubila luces,
Sæpe gravi ſurgunt bella, horrida bella, tumultu.
Arma cient truculenta cohors, placidámque quietem
Dirumpunt pugnæ ; uſque adeò inſincera voluptas
Omnibus, & miſtæ caſtigant gaudia curæ.
Jam gladii, tubulique ingeſto ſulphure fœti,
Protenſæque haſtæ, fulgentiáque arma, minæque
Telorum ingentes ſubeunt ; Dant clauſtra fragorem
Horrendum, ruptæ ſtridente bitumine chartæ
Confuſos reddunt crepitus, & ſibila miſcent.
Sternitur omne ſolum pereuntibus ; undique cæſæ
Apparent turmæ, civilis crimina belli.
Sed poſtquam inſanus pugnæ deferbuit æſtus,
Exuerintque truces animos, jam Marte fugato,
Diverſas repetunt artes, curáſque priores.
Nec rarò priſci Heroes, quos Pagina ſacra
Suggerit, atque olim peperit felicior ætas,
Hîc parvâ redeunt ſpecie. Cano ordine cernas
Antiquos prodire, agmen venerabile, Patres.
Rugis ſulcantur vultus, prolixáque barbæ
Canities mento pendet : ſic tarda ſenectus
TITHONUM minuit, cùm moles tota Cicadam
Induit, in gracilem ſenſim collecta figuram.
Nunc tamen unde genus ducat, quæ dextra latentes
Suppeditet vires, quem poſcat turba moventem,
Expediam. Truncos opifex & inutile lignum

Cogit in humanas ſpecies, & robore natam
Progeniem telo efformat, nexúque tenaci
Crura ligat pedibus, humeríſque accommodat armos,
Et membris membra aptat, & artubus inſuit artus.
Tunc habiles addit trochleas, quibus arte puſillum
Verſat onus, molique manu famulatus inerti
Sufficit occultos motus, vocémque miniſtrat.
His ſtructa auxiliis jam machina tota peritos
Oſtendit ſulcos, duri & veſtigia ferri:
Hinc ſalit, atque agili ſe ſublevat incita motu,
Vocéſque emittit tenues, & non ſua verba.

Jo. Addiſon, A. B. è Coll. Magd. Oxon. 1699.

THE

PUPPET-SHOW.

OF Trivial Things I ſing ſurprizing Scenes,
Crowds void of Thought, and Nations in Machines.
A *Race Diminutive*; whoſe Frames were built
Free from the Sacrilege of antient Guilt;
Who from a better new PROMETHEUS came;
Nor boaſt the Plunder of Cœleſtial Flame.

There, where facetious *Andrew* riſes high,
And draws the Peopled Street beneath his Eye;
With witty Jeſts the gaping Crowd derides,
Diſtorts their Muſcles, and fatigues their Sides.
All Sons of Mirth, the Gay, the Curious come,
Enter the *Booth*, and fill the ſpacious Room.
Not undiſtinguiſh'd are the Honours there;
But different Seats their different Prices bear.
At length, when now the *Curtain* mounts on high,
The narrow Scenes are open'd to the Eye;
Where Wire-Partitions twinkle to the Sight,
That cut the Viſion, and divide the Light.
Ingenious Artifice! of ſure Deceit,
Since naked Proſpects would betray the Cheat

And now the *ſqueaking Tribe* proceeding roams
O'er painted Manſions, and illuſtrious Domes.
Within this humble Cell, this narrow Wall,
Aſſemblies, *Battels*, *Conqueſts*, *Triumphs*, *All*
That Human Minds can Act, or Pride ſurvey,
On their low *Stage*, the *Little Nation* play.

But One above the reſt diſtinguiſh'd ſtalks;
A *Hero*, who in hoarſer Accents talks.
Large is the Buckle that his Veſt controuls;
His Mimic Eye with living Motion rowls.
His Belly turgid of enormous Size;
Behind his Back a Bulk of Mountain lies.
Huge, manly, tall, he frights the *Pygmy-Court*,
Who fly and wonder at his *Giant-Port*.
Audacious *Hero* He; who much relies
On his unequal Arm, and haughty Size.

Of

Of theſe Superior Gifts and Talents proud,
He mocks and rallies all the *Leſſer Crowd:*
Scatters his Satire round, and oft provokes
The Croud to Laughter by facetious Jokes.
E'en when ſome *ſerious Action* is diſplay'd,
And ſolemn Pomps in long Proceſſion made,
He uncontroulable, of Humour rude,
Muſt with unſeaſonable Mirth intrude:
Scornful he grins upon their *Tragic Rage*,
And diſconcerts the *Fable* of the *Stage*.
Sometimes the graceleſs Wight with ſaucy Air,
Makes rude Approaches to the *painted Fair*.
The *Nymph* retires, he ſcorns to be withſtood,
And forces Kiſſes on th' *unwilling Wood*.

Not

Not ſo his Fellows of inferior Parts,
They pleaſe the Theatre with *various* Arts,
Laſcivious Sport, in circling Turns advance,
And tire their little Limbs in active Dance.

Sometimes the *Wooden People* you behold,
Attir'd in rich Array of figur'd Gold:
Rows of diſſembled Jewels blaze around,
And Robes of *Tyrian* Purple ſtain the Ground.
For when their Tribes in Pageantry diſplay
The Mimic Grandeur of ſome *Solemn Day*,
The painted *Nymphs* proceed a comely Train,
In Order juſt, and brighten all the Plain.
Nobles of Stature ſmall attract the Eyes,
And laſt the *Commons* of an humbler Size.

The pleas'd Spectator, as theſe Scenes he views,
The *Pygmy-Nation* in his Mind renews:
He fancies now the *Cranes* Invaſions ceaſe;
Their warlike Souls are ſoften'd by a Peace,
And now ſecure in guiltleſs Sports they play,
Laugh down the *Sun*, and dance away the Day.

Thus, when the *Stars* obtain their Midnight Sphere,
A Race like theſe of *Human Form* appear;
The *Fairy Train*, that dancing in the Dark,
Return in Circles, and their Footſteps mark:
The merry Goblins, conſtant to the Round,
In meaſure trip, and beat the hallow'd Ground.

The

The Morn betrays the *Print*. The fruitful
Earth
From hence teems pregnant with a juicy
Birth,
Luxuriant Growths of bolder Graſs are ſeen,
That riſe in *Circles* of a deeper *Green*.

Yet O! ſome Clouds obſcure their peaceful
Days,
Wars, *horrid Wars*, diſaſtrous Tumults raiſe.
The Joys of Peace are broke by rough Alarms,
Their Troops breath Slaughter, and prepare
for Arms.
So inſincere is mortal Bliſs! ſo ſure
Care blends our Joys, and makes them all im-
pure!

Now Swords, and warring Arms the Proſpect
mar,
Protended Spears that glitter from afar,
And ſulph'rous Tubes; dread Equipage of
War.
The Din of Fight begins; a direful Sound
Flies thro' the Dome, and ſhakes the Walls
around,
From the burſt Volumes ſputt'ring Sulphurs
toſt
Promiſcuous Hiſs, and Sounds in Sounds are
loſt.
Confuſion reigns; the Field of War beſpread,
Reveals, unhappy View! her Heaps of Dead:
Thick on all Hands, extended on the Stage,
Slain Troops appear, *the Guilt of Civil Rage.*

But when they have allay'd their Martial
Ire,
nd their calm Spirits breath a ſober Fire ;
he War concluded. They reſume their
Parts,
epeat their former Toils, and various Arts.

Now oft the *Heroes of the Sacred Page* ;
reat Souls! the Product of a better Age,
edeem'd and reſcu'd from the *ſilent* Urn,
n this low Stage in Miniature return.
here may you ſee a venerable Band
f Patriarch-Sires in hoary Order ſtand ;
heir Faces furrow'd, as they once appear'd,
nd their Chins cloath'd with Silver Lengths
of Beard.

So, long conſuming Age, from Day to Day,
Contracted TITHON by a ſlow Decay.
From waſting Stage to Stage he gradual paſt,
And ſunk into a *Graſhopper* at laſt.

Now ſing we, whence the *Puppet-Actors* came,
What hidden Power ſupplies the hollow Frame;
What cunning Agent o'er the Scenes preſides,
And all the ſecret Operation glides.
The *Turner* ſhapes the uſeleſs Log with Care,
And forces it a Human Form to wear:
With the ſharp Steel he works the *Wooden* Race,
And lends the Timber an adopted *Face*.

Tenaciou

Tenacious Wires the *Legs and Feet* unite,
And Arms connected keep the *Shoulders* right.
Adapted Organs to fit Organs join,
And Joints with Joints, and Limbs with Limbs combine.
Then adds he active Wheels and Springs unſeen,
By which he artful turns the ſmall Machine,
That moves at Pleaſure by the ſecret Wires;
And laſt his Voice the ſenſeleſs Trunk inſpires.

From ſuch a Union of Inventions came,
And to Perfection grew the Puppet Frame;

Hence

The Workman's Mark its Origin reveal,
And own the Traces of the forming Steel.
Hence are its Dance, its Motions, and its Tone,
Its ſqueaking Voice, and Accents not its own.

THE RESURRECTION: A POEM.

Venient cito Sæcula, cum jam
Socius Calor ossa revisat,
Animataque Sanguine vivo
Habitacula pristina gestet. Prud.

The FOURTH EDITION.

THE RESURRECTION: A POEM.

THE

PREFACE.

THE following Lines are eſteemed by the beſt Judges to be the fineſt Sketch of the *Reſurrection*, that any Age or Language has produced: Nor do their only Excellence conſiſt in being an accurate *Poem*; but alſo in being an exact Copy of the Painter's Original upon the *Altar* in *Magdalen College*; but ſo much improved with

all the ſtrongeſt Figures and moſt lively Embelliſhments of a Poetical Deſcription, that the *Reader* receives a double Satisfaction in ſeeing the two Siſter-Arts ſo uſeful to each other, in borrowing mutual Helps, and mutual Advantages.

It is, indeed, wonderful to find in the narrow Compaſs of ſo few Pages all the moſt dreadful Circumſtances of that laſt terrible Criſis of Time: The *Poem* is a beautiful and ſuccinct *Epitome* of all that has or can ever be ſaid on that important Subject; the very Text, which the ingenious Mr. *Young* has ſo largely and elegantly paraphras'd upon, in his excellent Poem on the LAST DAY.

Mr. *Addiſon*

Mr. *Addiſon* is to be diſtinguiſh'd thro' all his Performances both *Latin* and *Engliſh* (and in his *Latin*, particularly in the following one, and that on the Peace of *Reſwick*,) by the Strength of his Images, and by a forcible and unaffected Vivacity of Expreſſion, which none of our Moderns have attain'd to in ſo much Perfection; and which is very rarely to be met with even in any of the Antients ſince *Virgil* and *Horace*.

Having mention'd Mr. *Addiſon*, I cannot avoid congratulating my Country on his Preferment to one of her greateſt Civil Employments; nor forbear obſerving how happy we are in a KING, who has ſhown the

World that he will diſtribute his Favours amongſt thoſe only, whom Merit and Virtue ſhall recommend to his Service.

With what uncommon Luſtre muſt that Man appear to Poſterity, who is not only the beſt Writer, and moſt candid Patron of the Age he lives in; but alſo the fineſt Gentleman, the ſincereſt Friend, the moſt affectionate Husband, the moſt accompliſh'd Stateſman, and the moſt exemplary Chriſtian? Under every one of theſe Views Mr. *Addiſon* gains the Eſteem and Admiration even of the bittereſt Enemies to that Cauſe which he ſo warmly eſpouſes, of the moſt furious Partiſans, and the moſt prejudic'd of Mankind.

I muſt

I muſt forbear to enlarge any farther on the Character of that truly great and good Man, leſt I draw upon my ſelf the Imputation of a Flatterer, by relating what all the World (except himſelf only) will allow to be the ſevereſt Truth.

I ſhall make no Excuſe for offering the following Poem to the World in an *Engliſh* DRESS, and under all the Diſadvantages of an imperfect Tranſlation. I have often read it in the Original with the greateſt Pleaſure and Satisfaction; and I hope it will need no Apology to be willing to communicate ſo uſeful and ſublime an Entertainment,

tertainment, in the beſt manner I can, to thoſe of my Fellow-Subjects who are not qualify'd to read it in the *Latin* Original.

RESURRECTIO

DELINEATA

Ad Altare Coll. Magd. Oxon.

EGregios fuci tractus, calamique labores,
Surgenteſque hominum formas, ardentiáque ora
Judicis, & ſimulacra modis pallentia miris,
Terribilem viſu pompam, Tu Carmine Muſa
Pande novo, vatique ſacros accende furores.
Olim Planitiem (quam nunc fœcunda colorum
Inſignit Pictura) inhoneſto & ſimplice cultu
Veſtiit albedo, ſed nè rima ulla priorem
Agnoſcat faciem, mox fundamenta futuræ
Subſtravit Pictor tabulæ, humorémque ſequacem

Per

Per muros traxit ; velamine mœnia craſſo
Squallent obducta, & rudioribus illita fucis.
Utque (polo nondum ſtellis fulgentibus apto)
Nè ſpatio moles immenſa dehiſcat inani,
Per cava cœlorum, & convexa patentia latè
Hinc atque hinc interfuſus fluitaverat Æther ;
Mox radiante novum torrebat lumine mundum
Titan, & pallens alienos mitiùs ignes
Cynthia vibrabat ; crebris nunc conſitus aſtris
Scintillare polus, nunc fulgor Lacteus omne
Diffluere in Cœlum, longóque albeſcere tractu.
Sic, operis poſtquam luſit primordia Pictor,
Dum ſordet paries, nullámque fatetur Apellem,
Cautiùs exercet Calamos, atque arte tenacem
Confundit viſcum, ſuccóſque attemperat, omnes
Inducit tandem formas ; apparet ubique
Muta cohors, & Picturarum vulgus inane.
Aligeris muri vacat ora ſuprema Miniſtris,
Sparſáque per totam Cœleſtis turba Tabellam
Raucos inſpirat lituos, buccáſque tumentes
Inflat, & attonitum replet clangoribus orbem.
Defunctis ſonus auditur, tabulámque per imam
Picta graveſcit humus, terris emergit apertis
Progenies rediviva, & plurima ſurgit imago.

Sic, dum fœcundis Cadmus dat ſemina ſulcis,
Terra tumet prægnans, animatáque gleba laborat,
Luxuriatur ager ſegete ſpirante, caleſcit
Omne ſolum, creſcítque virorum prodiga meſſis.
Jam pulvis varias terræ diſperſa per oras,
Sive inter venas teneri concreta metalli,
Senſim diriguit, ſeu ſeſe immiſcuit herbis,
Explicita eſt; molem rursùs coaleſcit in unam
Diviſum funus, ſparſos prior alligat artus
Junctura, aptanturque iterum coëuntia membra.
Hîc nondum ſpecie perfecta reſurgit imago,
Vultum truncata, atque inhoneſto vulnere nares
Manca, & adhuc deeſt informi de corpore multum.
Paulatim in rigidum hîc vita inſinuata cadaver
Motu ægro vix dum redivivos erigit artus.
Inficit his horror vultus, & imagine totâ
Fuſa per attonitam pallet formido figuram.
Detrahe quin oculos Spectator, &, ora nitentem
Si poterint perferre diem, medium inſpice murum,
Quâ ſedet orta Deo proles, Deus ipſe, ſereno
Lumine perfuſus, radiiſque inſperſus acutis.
Circum tranquillæ funduntur tempora flammæ,
Regius ore vigor ſpirat, nitet Ignis ocellis,
Plurimáque effulget Majeſtas Numine toto.
Quantùm diſſimilis, quantùm ô! mutatus ab illo,

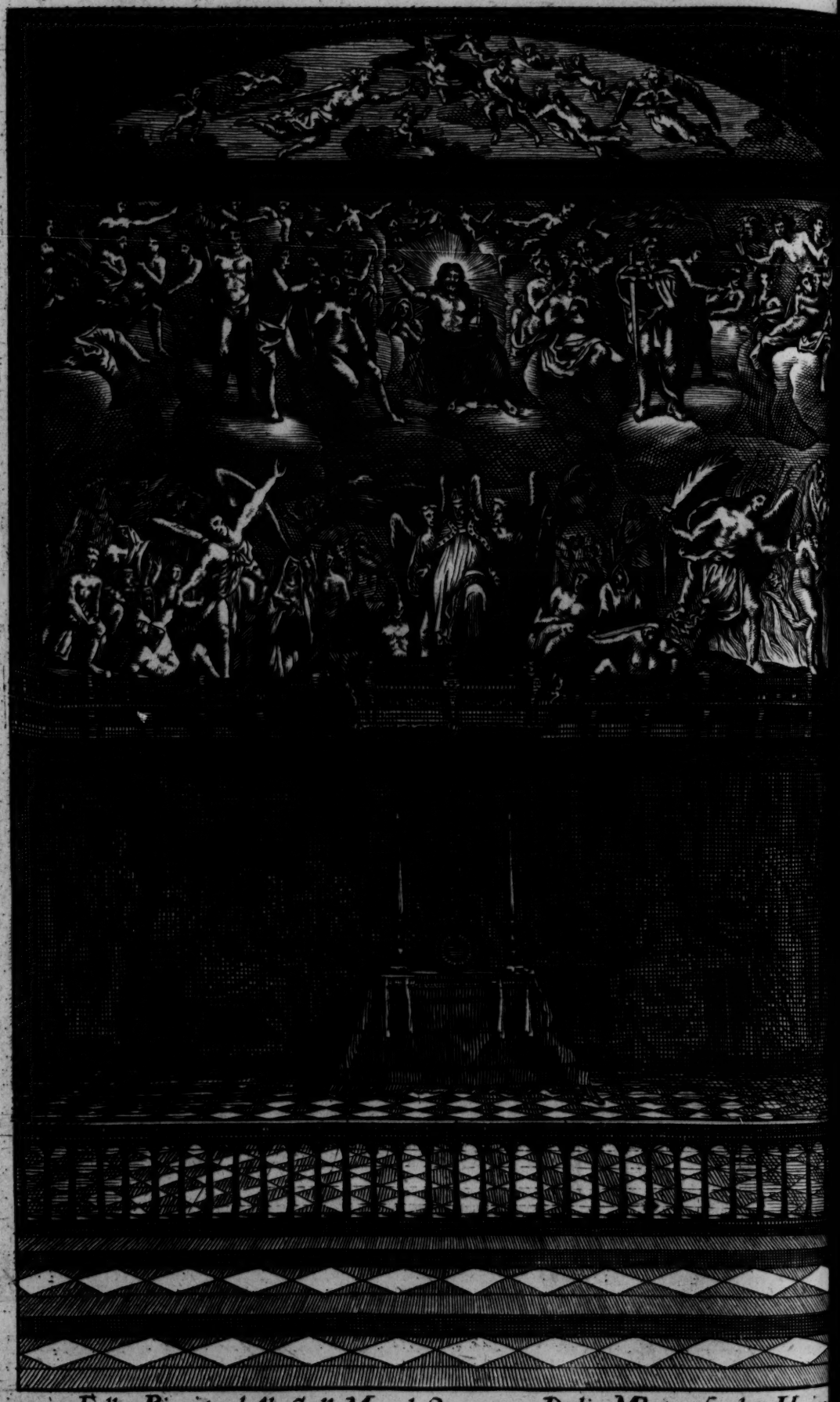
Qui peccata luit cruciatus non ſua, vitam
Quando luctantem cunctatâ morte trahebat!
Sed fruſtrà voluit defunctum Golgotha Numen
Condere, dum victâ fatorum lege triumphans
Nativum petiit cœlum, & ſuper æthera vectus
Deſpexit Lunam exiguam, Solémque minorem.
Jam latus effoſſum, & palmas oſtendit utraſque,
Vulnúſque infixum pede, clavorúmque recepta
Signa, & tranſacti quondam veſtigia ferri.
Umbræ hùc felices tendunt, numeroſáque cœlos
Turba petunt, atque immortalia dona capeſſunt.
Matres, & longæ nunc reddita corpora vitæ
Infantûm, Juvenes, Pueri, innuptæque Puellæ
Stant circùm, atque avidos jubar immortale bibentes
Affigunt oculos in Numine; laudibus æther
Intonat, & læto ridet cœlum omne triumpho.
His Amor impatiens conceptáque gaudia mentem
Funditùs exagitant, imóque in pectore fervent.
Non æquè exultat flagranti corde Sibylla,
Hoſpite cùm tumet incluſo, & præcordia ſentit
Mota Dei ſtimulis, nimióque calentia Phœbo.
Quis tamen ille novus perſtringit lumina fulgor?
Quam Mitrâ effigiem diſtinxit Pictor, honeſto
Surgentem è tumulo, alatoque Satellite fultam?
Agnoſco faciem, vultu latet alter in illo

WAINFLETUS,

VAINFLETUS, ſic ille oculos, ſic ora ferebat:
Heu quando animi par invenietur Imago!
Quando alium ſimilem virtus habitura! —
rati innocuas ſecurus Numinis iras
ſpicit, impavidóſque in Judice figit ocellos.
Quin age, & horrentem commixtis igne tenebris
am videas ſcenam; multo hîc ſtagnantia fuco
Mœnia, flagrantem liquefacto ſulphure rivum
Fingunt, & falſus tantà arte accenditur Ignis,
Ut toti metuas tabulæ, ne flamma per omne
Livida ſerpat opus, tenuéſque abſumpta recedat
Pictura in cineres, propriis peritura favillis.
Hùc turba infelix agitur, turpiſque videri
Infrendet dentes, & rugis contrahit ora.
Vindex à tergo implacabile ſævit, & enſem
Fulmineum vibrans acie flagrante ſceleſtos
Jam Paradiſeis iterum depellit ab oris.
Heu! quid agat triſtis? quò ſe cœleſtibus iris
Subtrahat? ô! quantùm vellet nunc æthere in alto
Virtutem colere! at tandem ſuſpiria ducit
Nequicquam, & ſerò in lacrymas effunditur; obſtant
Sortes non revocandæ, & inexorabile Numen.
Quàm varias aperit veneres Pictura! periti
Quot calami legimus veſtigia! quanta colorum

Gratia ſe profert ! tales non diſcolòr Iris
Oſtendat, vario cùm lumine floridus imber
Rore nitet toto, & guttâ ſcintillat in omni.
O fuci nitor, ô pulchri durate colores !
Nec, Pictura, tuæ langueſcat gloria formæ,
Dum lucem videas, qualem exprimis ipſa, ſupremam.

Jo. Addiſon, A. B. è Coll. Magd. Oxon. 1699.



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THE RESURRECTION: A POEM.

THE Pencil's glowing Lines and vaſt
Command,
And Mankind riſing from the Painter's Hand,
The awful Judge array'd in beamy Light,
And Spectres trembling at the dreadful Sight,

To

To ſing, O Muſe, the pious Bard inſpire,
And waken in his Breaſt the Sacred Fire.

The hallow'd Field, a bare white Wall of late,
Now cloath'd in gaudy Colours, ſhines in State;
And leſt ſome little Interval confeſs
Its antient ſimple Form, and homely Dreſs;
The skilful Artiſt laid o'er every Part
The firſt Foundation of his future Art:
O'er the wide Frame his ductile Colours led,
And with ſtrong Primings all the Wall o'erſpread.

As e'er yon ſpangling Orbs were hung on high,
Leſt one great Blank ſhould yawn thro' boundleſs Sky,

Thro'

Thro' the wide heavenly Arch and trackleſs
Road
In Azure Volumes the pure *Æther* flow'd;
The *Sun* at length burns out, intenſely bright,
And the pale *Creſcent* ſheds her borrow'd
Light.
With thick-ſown Stars the radiant *Pole* is
crown'd,
Of milky Glories a long Tract is found,
O'erflows, and whitens all the Heav'ns around.

So when the Ground-work of the Piece was
laid,
Nor yet the Painter had his Art diſplay'd,
With ſlower Hand, and Pencil more divine,
He blends each Colour, heightens ev'ry Line;

Till various Forms the breathing Picture wears,
And a mute *Groupe* of Images appears.

Celeſtial Guards the topmoſt height attend,
And Crouds of Angels o'er the Wall deſcend;
With their big Cheeks the deaf'ning Clarions wind,
Whoſe dreadful Clangors ſtartle all Mankind:
Ev'n the Dead hear; the lab'ring Graves conceive,
And the ſwoln Clod in Picture ſeems to heave:
Ten thouſand Worlds revive to better Skies,
And from their Tombs the thronging Coarſes riſe.

So

So when fam'd *Cadmus* ſow'd the fruitful
Field,
With pregnant Throws the quicken'd Furrow
ſwell'd:
From the warm Soil ſprung up a warlike Train,
And Human Harveſts cover'd all the Plain.

And now from ev'ry Corner of the Earth
The ſcatter'd Duſt is call'd to ſecond Birth;
Whether in Mines it form'd the rip'ning Maſs,
Or humbly mix'd, and flouriſh'd in the Graſs.
The ſever'd Body now unites again,
And kindred Atoms rally into Men:
The various Joints reſume their antient Seats,
And ev'ry Limb its former Task repeats.

Here an imperfect Form returns to Light,
Not half renew'd, dishoneſt to the Sight;
Maim'd of his Noſe appears his blotted Face,
And ſcarce the Image of a Man we trace.
Here by Degrees infus'd, the vital Ray
Gives the firſt Motion to the panting Clay:
Slow to new Life the thawing Fluids creep,
And the ſtiff Joints wake heavily from Sleep.
Here on the guilty Brow pale Horrors glare,
And all the Figure labours with *Deſpair*.

From Scenes like theſe now turn thy wond'ring Sight,
And if thou canſt withſtand ſuch Floods of Light,

Look!

Look! where thy SAVIOUR fills the middle Space,
The SON of GOD, true Image of his Face,
Himſelf eternal GOD, e'er Time began her Race.
See! what mild Beams their gracious Influence ſhed,
And how the pointed Radiance crowns his Head!
Around his Temples lambent Glories ſhine,
And on his Brow ſits Majeſty Divine;
His Eye-balls lighten with Celeſtial Fires,
And ev'ry Grace to ſpeak the God conſpires.

But ah! how chang'd, ah! how unlike the ſame
From Him, who patient wore the Mortal Frame;

Who

Who thro' a Scene of Woes drew painful Breath,
And ſtruggled with a ſad, ſlow, long-drawn Death:
Who gave on *Golgotha* the dreadful Groan,
Bearer of other's Sins, and Suff'rings not his own.
But Death and Hell ſubdu'd, the Deity
Aſcends Triumphant to his native Sky;
And riſing far above th' Æthereal Height,
The Sun and Moon diminiſh to his Sight.

And now to View he bare'd his bleeding ſide,
And his pierc'd Hands and Feet, in Crimſon dy'd;
Still did the Nails the recent Scars reveal,
And bloody Tracks of the transfixing Steel.
Hither in Crouds the *Bleſſed* ſhape their Flight,
And throng the Manſions of immortal Light;

The

The menial *Twelve*, * an ever faithful Band,
Around their *Maſter* ſit on either Hand;
Each *Martyr-Saint* in Glory ſhines confeſt,
Immortal Pleaſures ruſhing to his Breaſt;
Sees Worlds up-riſing from the ſilent Tomb
To final Judgment and eternal Doom;
They mark each fatal Word, each dreadful Nod;
And bleſs the Righteous Sentence of their GOD.
The fruitful Matron and the ſpotleſs Maid,
And Infants, with a longer Life repaid,
Stand round; and drinking in Celeſtial Rays,
On their REDEEMER fix with ardent Gaze,
And all the Heav'ns reſound with Hymns of Praiſe.

* The *Apoſtles*, as thus deſcrib'd, are painted on the *Altar*, tho' not mention'd in Mr. *Addiſon*'s *Latin* Poem.

Each

Each Boſom kindles with Seraphic Joy,
And conſcious Extacies the Soul employ.
Not equal Raptures ſwell the *Sybil*'s Breaſt,
When by the inmate Deity poſſeſs'd;
When *Phœbus* the Prophetic Maid inſpires,
And her Limbs tremble with convulſive Fires.

But whence this ſudden Blaze of dazling Light!
What Mitred Brow is that, which greets my Sight?
Forth from a ſtately Tomb I ſee him Riſe,
And mount with Guards of Angels to the Skies.
I know the Form — alike the Look and Mien,
Another WAINFLET * in his Face is ſeen.

When

* *William Wainflet*, Biſhop of *Wincheſter*. He was the Founder of *Magdalen College*, and the *Hall* adjoining.

Vhen will, alas! ſuch ſpotleſs Worth be
found?
Vhen will a Mind with equal Virtues
crown'd?
arleſs he ſees Almighty Vengeance riſe,
nd fixes on his GOD his guiltleſs Eyes.

But now far different Scenes our Wonder
claim,
orrent with Darkneſs and Malignant Flame;
he labour'd Wall deluſive Picture hides,
nd liquid Sulphur rolls in burning Tides:
ſtrong, ſo fierce, the painted Flames ariſe,
he pale Spectator views them with Surprize:
lieves the blazing Wall indeed to burn,
nd fears the Frame ſhould into Aſhes turn.

Hither in ghaſtly Crouds the Guilty haſte,
Obſcene with Horror, and with Shame defac'd:
With haggard Looks the gloomy Fiends appear,
They gnaſh their foamy Teeth, and frown ſevere.
A ſtern *Avenger* with relentleſs Mind,
Waving a flamy Faulchion, ſtalks behind;
With which, as once from Paradiſe he drove,
He drives the Sinner from the Joys above.
What ſhall he do forlorn? or whither fly,
To ſhun the Ken of an All-ſeeing Eye?
What would he give among the Juſt to ſhine,
And fall before Omnipotence Divine?

But oh! too late in Sighs he vents his Woe,
Too late his Eyes with guſhing Tears o'er-
flow!
Vain are his Sighs, and fruitleſs are his Tears,
Vengeance and Juſtice ſtop th'*Almighty*'s Ears.

See! with what various Charms the Piece is
fraught,
And with what pregnant Marks of Judgment
wrought!
With how much Grace the living Colours
glow!
Not brighter Colours paint the watry Bow;
When the freſh Show'rs her various Luſtre
ſhare,
And ev'ry Drop with Spangles decks the Air.

O! may the Painter's Labours never fade,
Nor wasteful Time their shining Charms invade,
No envious Darkness shade the beauteous Tints,
Till the Piece sees the LAST GREAT DAY it Paints.

SPHÆRISTERIUM.

HIC, ubi graminea in latum ſeſe explicat æquor
Planities, vacuóque ingens patet area campo,
Cùm ſolem nondum fumantia prata fatentur
Exortum, & tumidæ pendent in gramine guttæ,
Improba falx noctis parva incrementa prioris
Deſecat, exiguam radens à ceſpite meſſem:
Tum motu aſſiduo ſaxum verſatile terram
Deprimit extantem, & ſurgentes atterit herbas.
Lignea percurrunt vernantem turba palæſtram
Uncta, nitens oleo, formæ quibus eſſe rotundæ
Artificis ferrum dederat, faciliſque moveri.
Ne tamen offendant incauti errore globorum,

Quæque

Quæque ſuis inciſa notis ſtat ſphæra; ſed unus
Hanc vult, quæ infuſo multùm inclinata metallo
Vertitur in gyros, & iniquo tramite currit;
Quin alii diverſa placet, quam parciùs urget
Plumbea vis, motúque ſinit procedere recto.

Poſtquàm ideò in partes turbam diſtinxerat æquas
Conſilium, aut ſors: quíſque ſuis accingitur armis.
Evolat Orbiculus, quæ curſum meta futurum
Deſignat; jactique legens veſtigia, primam,
Qui certamen init, ſphæram demittit, at illa
Leniter effuſa, exiguum quod ducit in Orbem,
Radit iter, donec ſenſim primo impete feſſo
Subſiſtat; ſubitò Globus emicat alter & alter.

Mox ubi funduntur latè agmina crebra minorem
Sparſa per Orbiculum, ſtipántque frequentia metam,
Atque negant faciles aditus; jam cautiùs exit,
Et leviter ſeſe inſinuat revolubile lignum.
At ſi fortè globum, qui miſit, ſpectat inertem
Serpere, & impreſſum ſubitò langueſcere motum,
Ponè urget Sphæræ veſtigia, & anxius inſtat,
Objurgátque moras, currentíque imminet orbi.
Atque ut ſegnis honos dextræ ſervetur, iniquam
Incuſat terram, ac ſurgentem in Marmore nodum.

Nec riſus tacuere, globus cùm volvitur actus
Infami jactu, aut nimium veſtigia Plumbum
Allicit, & Sphæram à recto trahit inſita virtus.
Tum qui projecit, ſtrepitus effundit inanes,
Et, variam in ſpeciem diſtorto corpore, falſos
Increpat errores, & dat convitia ligno.
Sphæra ſed, irarum temnens ludibria, cœptum
Pergit iter, nullíſque movetur ſurda querelis.
Illa tamen laudes ſummúmque meretur honorem,
Quæ non dirumpit curſum, abſiſtítque moveri,
Donec turbam inter crebram dilapſa ſupremum
Perfecit ſtadium, & metæ inclinata recumbit.
Hoſtis at hærentem Orbiculo detrudere Sphæram
Certat, luminibúſque viam ſignantibus omnes
Intendit vires, & miſſile fortiter urget:
Evolat adducto non ſegnis Sphæra lacerto.
Haud ita proſiliens Elëo carcere pernix
Auriga invehitur, cùm raptus ab axe citato
Currentéſque domos videt, & fugientia tecta.
Si tamen in duros, obſtructa Satellite multo,
Impingant ſocios, confundátque orbibus orbes;
Tum fervit bilis, fortunam damnata cerbam,
Atque Deos atque aſtra vocat crudelia. ——

Si verò incurſus faciles, aditúmque patentem
Inveniat, partóque hoſtis ſpolietur honore:
Turba fremit confuſa, ſoníſque frequentibus, Euge,
Exclamant Socii; plauſu ſtrepit omne Viretum.
Intereà feſſos inimico Sirius aſtro
Corripit, & ſalſas exudant corpora guttas;
Lenia jam Zephyri ſpirantes frigora, & umbræ
Captantur, vultúque fluens abſtergitur humor.

Jo. Addiſon, A. B. è Coll. Magd. Oxon. 1699.

THE

BOWLING-GREEN.

WHere ſmooth and level as the Summer Main,
ſpacious *Area* opens on the Plain;
Vhile with deſcending Dews the Herbage ſweats,
or feels the riſing *Sun*'s intenſer Heats,
he ſharpen'd *Scythe* prevents the graſſy Height,
nd reaps the ſcanty Harveſt of the Night:

The rolling Stone renews its Morning Round,
To cruſh the ſpringing Turf, and ſink the knotty Ground.
And now the poliſh'd Globes, a num'rous Band,
Prepar'd for Motion by the Artiſt's Hand;
Glitt'ring with Oil, and ſplendid to the Sight,
O'er the ſoft, verdant Surface ſpeed their Flight.
But leaſt ſome Bowler ſhould his *Caſt* diſown,
By diff'rent Marks the diff'rent Orbs are known:
For Gameſters vary; ſome prefer the Bowl,
That byaſs'd wheels obliquely to the Goal:
While others will a diff'rent Choice approve
Of thoſe, which in a Line directly move.

ıe choſen Numbers part on either ſide,
s, or Conſent, or doubtful Lots divide:
ıch Chief aſſumes his Arms; when now behold
he *Jack* exulting o'er the Surface roll'd;
t which their miſſive Orbs the Bowlers aim,
nd who arrives the neareſt, wins the Game.
he Leader poiſes in his Hand the Bowl,
nd gently launches to the diſtant Goal:
he current Orb prolongs its circling Courſe,
ill by Degrees it loſes all its Force.
hen now another o'er the Level bounds,
nd Orb ſucceeding Orb the *Block* ſurrounds:
catter'd they lie, and barricade the Green,
hat ſcarce a ſingle Bowl can paſs between.

When now with better Skill, and nicer Care,
The dext'rous Youth renews the Wooden War,
Beyond the reſt his winding Timber flies,
And works inſinuating, and wins the Prize.
But if perchance he ſees, with Madneſs ſtung,
The lagging Wood move impotent along;
If its faint Motion languiſh on the way,
And, ſhort of Length, it preſs the verdant Lay:
Nimbly he ſtrides behind a-croſs the Graſs,
And bending hovers o'er the rolling Maſs;
Leaſt foul Diſgrace ſhould on his Arm redound,
He blames the Riſing-Rub and guilty Ground.

What

What ſudden Laughter echoes o'er the Green,
When ſome unlucky, artleſs *Caſt* is ſeen;
When the too pond'rous Lead with ſtubborn Force
Allures the Globe from its appointed Courſe?
The Bowler chafes, and fruitleſs Rage enſues,
His Body to a Thouſand Poſtures ſcrews:
He blames he knows not what, with angry Blood,
He frets, he ſtamps, and damns th' erroneous Wood:
Th' erroneous Wood his fruitleſs Rage diſdains,
And ſtill its former, wayward Courſe maintains.

But

But if a Bowl, diſmiſs'd with equal Strength,
Obtains exactly the intended Length,
And, nicely paſſing thro' the crouding Balls,
Prone on the paſſive *Jack* incumbent falls:
With loud Applauſe the ſplitting Heav'ns they rend,
And all the *Caſter* and the *Caſt* commend.
When now the adverſe Foe projects around
His careful Eyes, and marks the ambient Ground:
And, ſtudious the contiguous Globes to part,
He ſummons all his Strength and all his Art;
Th' exerted Vigour of his Nerves applies,
And rapid from his Arm the brandiſh'd Engine flies.

Scarce

Scarce half ſo ſwiftly to th' *Elëian* Goal
With rival Speed the whirling Chariots roll;
While the fleet Axle mocks the lagging Wind,
And leaves the flying Village far behind.

When, if the Wooden Guards immure the Foe,
And break the Vengeance of the whirling Blow;
If the conflicting Orbs are driv'n around,
And, looſely ſcatter'd, ſtrew th' Olympic Ground:
He chides his Fate, his fervid Spleen boils high,
Calls the *Gods* falſe, and Damns the guilty Sky.

But if his Bowl with eaſy Paſſage ſlide,
And with a Claſh the wedded Orbs divide;

His Partners ſhout, the Croud eſpouſe his
Cauſe,
And the wide Plain re-murmurs with Applauſe.

Mean while the *Dog-Star* burns with ſultry
Heat,
And ev'ry Limb is drown'd in briny Sweat:
They court the ſhady Breeze, and cool of Day,
And from their Temples wipe the trickling
Drops away.

PAX
GULIELMI
AUSPICIIS

Europæ reddita, 1697.

HONORATISSIMO VIRO

CAROLO MONTAGUE

ARMIGERO,

SCACCHARII CANCELLARIO,

ÆRARII PRÆFECTO,

REGI à SECRETIORIBUS

CONSILIIS, &c.

CUM tanta auribus tuis obſtrepat vatum nequiſſimorum turba, nihil eſt cur queraris aliquid inuſitatum tibi contigiſſe, ubi præclarum hoc argumentum eis etiam numeris violatum conſpexeris. Quantum virtute bellicâ præſtent Britanni, recens ex hus geſtis teſtatur gloria; quàm verò in humanioribus Pacis ſtudiis non emineamus, indicio ſunt os nuper in lucem emiſimus verſiculi. Quòd ſi CONGREVIUS *ille tuus divino, quo ſolet, furore correptus materiam hanc non exornâſſet, vix*

tanti eſſet ipſa Pax, ut illâ lætaremur tot perditiſſimis Poëtis tam miſerè decantatâ. At, dum alios inſector, mei ipſius oblitus fuiſſe videor, qui haud minores forſan ex Latinis tibi moleſtias allaturus ſum, quàm quas illi ex vernaculis ſuis carminibus attulerunt; niſi quòd inter ipſos cruciatus lenimentum aliquod dolori tribuat tormenti varietas. Nec quidem unquam adduci poſſem, ut poëma patrio ſermone conſcriptum oculis tuis ſubjicerem, qui ab iſtis conatibus cæteros omnes ſcribendo non minùs deterres, quàm favendo excitaveris.

HUMANITATIS TUÆ

CULTOR DEVOTISSIMUS,

JOSEPHUS ADDISON.

PAX GULIELMI AUSPICIIS *Europæ reddita,* 1697.

POſtquam ingens clamórque virûm, ſtrepitúſq; tubarum,
Atque omnis belli cecidit fragor; Aſpice, Cæſar,
Quæ tibi ſolliciti, turba importuna, Poëtæ
Munera deducunt: generoſæ à pectore flammæ,
Diræque armorum effigies, ſimulachráque belli
Triſtia diffugiant: O tandem abſiſte triumphis
Expletus, penitúſque animo totum excute Martem.

Non

Non ultrà ante oculos numeroſo milite campi
Miſcentur, ſolito nec fervent arva tumultu ;
Stat circùm alta quies, curvóque innixus aratro
Deſertas foſſas, & caſtra minantia caſtris
Ruſticus invertit, tacitâ formidine luſtrans
Horrorémque loci, & funeſtos ſtragibus agros.
Jamque ſuper vallum & munimina longa vireſcit
Expectata ſeges, jam propugnacula rident
Vere novo ; inſuetos mirabitur incola culmos,
Luxuriémque ſoli, & turgentem à ſanguine meſſem.
Aſpicis ut toto excitus venit Advena mundo
Bellorum inviſens ſedem, & confuſa ruinis
Oppida, & everſos flammarum turbine muros !
Ut trepidos rerum Annales, triſtémque laborum
Inquirit ſeriem, attonitis ut ſpectat ocellis
Semirutas turres, & adhuc polluta cruore
Flumina, famoſóſque ORMONDI vulnere campos !
Hîc, ubi ſaxa jacent diſperſo infecta cerebro,
Atque interruptis hiſcunt divortia muris,
Vexillum intrepidus (*) fixit, cui tempora dudum
Budenſes palmæ, Peregrináque laurus obumbrat.
Ille ruens aciem in mediam, quà ferrea grando
Sparſa furit circùm, & plumbi denſiſſimus imber,
Sulphuream noctem, tetráſque bitumine nubes
Ingreditur, crebróque rubentem fulgure fumum.
Ut vario anfractu, & disjectis undique ſaxis
Mœnia diſcedunt, ſcopulíſque immane minantur
Deſuper horrificis, & formidabile pendent !

Hîc

(*) Honoratiſſimus D. Dominus CUTTS Baro de Gowran, &c.

Hîc peſtem occultam, & fœcundas ſulphure moles
Cernere erat, magno quas inter mota tumultu
Prælia fervebant ; ſubitò cùm clauſtra fragore
Horrendùm diſrupta tonant, ſemiuſtáque membra,
Fumantéſque artus, laniatáque corpora lethum
Corripit informe, & rotat ater in æthere turbo.
Sic, poſtquam Enceladi dejecit fulmine fratres
Cœlicolûm pater, & vetuit contemnere Divos :
Divulſam terræ faciem, ingentéſque ruinas
Mortales ſtupuere ; altum hinc mirantur abeſſe
Pelion, invertíque imis radicibus Oſſam ;
Hîc fluvium moles inter confuſáque ſaxa
Reptare, atque aliis diſcentem currere ripis.
Stant dubii, & notos montes umbráſque requirunt,
Errore ambiguo eluſi, & novitate locorum.
Nempe hîc AURIACI nuper vexilla ſecutæ
Confluxere acies, hîc, aſpera corda, Britanni,
Germanúſque ferox, & juncto fœdere Belga,
Quíque truci Boreæ, & cœlo damnatus iniquo
Vitam agit in tenebris, & qui dudum ore peruſto
Decolor admoti prodit veſtigia Phœbi,
Undique conveniunt, totum conſcripta per orbem
Agmina, NASSOVíque latus ſocialibus armis
Circumfuſa tegunt, fremitúſque & murmura miſcent,
Tam vario disjuncta ſitu, tot diſſona linguis.
Te tamen è mediis, (*) Ductor Fortiſſime, turmis
Exere, Tu vitam (ſi quid mea carmina poſſunt)
Accipies, populíque encomia ſera futuri,

Quem

* Intellig. Inſig. Dom. Chriſtoph. Codrington, unus ex Regii Satellitii Præfectis.

Quem varias edoctum artes, ſtudiiſque Minervæ
Omnibus ornatum Marti Rhedycina furenti
Credidit invita, & tanto ſe jactat Alumno.
Hunc nempe ardorem, atque immenſos pectoris æſtus
Non jubar Arctoum, aut noſtri penuria cœli,
Sed plaga torridior, quà ſol intentiùs omnes
Effundit radios, totíque obnoxia Phœbo
India progenuit, teneríſque incoxit ab annis
Virtutem immodicam, & generoſæ incendia mentis.
Jam quoque torpentem qui infelix ſuſpicit Arcton,
Brumamque æternam frigúſque perambulat, urſæ
Horridus exuviis, GULIELMI ingentia facta
Deſcribit ſociis, pugnatáque in ordine bella
Attentus numerat, neque brumam aut frigora curat.
En ! vaſtos nivium tractus & pallida regna
Deſerit, imperio extremum (†) Qui ſubjicit orbem,
Indigenáſque hyemes, Britonúmque Heroa pererrat
Luminibus tacitis ; ſubeunt nunc fuſa Namurcæ
Mœnia, nunc tardo quæ ſanguine plurima fluxit
Boinia, nunc dubii palma indiſcreta Seneffi.
Quæ facies & quanta viri ! Quo vertice in auras
Aſſurgit ! Quali firmat veſtigia greſſu,
Majeſtate rudi, & torvo ſpectabilis ore !
Sic olim Alcides, immania membra Leonis
Inſtratus ſpoliis, vaſtâ ſe mole ferebat,
Evandri amplexus dextrámque adjungere dextræ
Cum peteret, tectíſque ingens ſuccederet hoſpes.

Dum

(†) Muſcoviæ Imperator.

Dum pugnas, GULIELME, tuas, campóſque cruentos
Accipit, in venis ebullit vividus humor,
Corda micant crebrò, & mentem ferit æmulus ardor.
Non jam Riphæos hoſtis populabitur agros
Impunè, aut agitabit inultas Sarmata prædas.
Quis tamen ille procul fremitus, Quæ murmura vulgi
NASSOVUM ingeminant? video cava littora circùm
Fervere remigibus, ſubitíſque albeſcere velis.
Anglia ſolve metus, & inanes mitte querelas,
NASSOVI ſecura tui, deſiſte tumentes
Proſpicere in fluctus animo ſuſpenſa, trucéſque
Objurgare notos, tardámque requirere puppim:
Optatus tibi Cæſar adeſt, nec ut ante videbis
Sollicitum belli ſtudiis, fatalia Gallo
Conſilia & tacitas verſantem in pectore pugnas.
Olli grata Quies & Pax tranquilla verendum
Compoſuit vultum, lætóſque afflavit honores.
Ut denſo circùm ſe plurimus agmine miles
Agglomerat lateri, ut patriam veteréſque penates
Reſpicit exultans! juvat oſtentare recentes
Ore cicatrices, & vulnera cruda, notáſque
Mucronum inſignes, afflatáque ſulphure membra.
Chara ſtupet conjux, reducíſque incerta mariti
Veſtigat faciem; trepidâ formidine proles
Stat procul, & patrios horreſcit neſcia vultus.
Ille graves caſus, duri & diſcrimina belli
Enumerat, tumidíſque inſtaurat prælia verbis.
Sic, poſtquam in patriam fœcunda heroibus Argo
Phryxêam attulerat pellem, lanámque rigentem
Expoſuit Graiis, & tortile velleris aurum,

Navita terrificis infamia littora monſtris
Deſcribit, mixto ſpirantem incendia fumo
Serpentem, vigiléſque feras, plauſtróque gementes
Inſolito tauros, & anhelos igne juvencos.
Te tamen, O quantis GULIELME erepte periclis,
Accipimus reducem, tibi Diva Britannia fundit
Plebémque & Proceres, medias quacunque per urbes
Ingrederis, crebræ conſurgunt undique pompæ,
Gaudiáque & plauſus; mixto ordine vulgus euntem
Circumſtat fremitu denſo: Tibi Jupiter annum
Seriùs invertit, luces mirata ſerenas
Ridet Hyems, feſtóque vacat cœlum omne triumpho.
Jamque (*) Nepos tibi parvus adeſt, lætóque juventæ
Inceſſu, & blando teſtatur gaudia riſu.
Ut Patrius vigor atque elati gratia vultûs
Cæſareum ſpirant, majeſtatémque verendam
Infundunt puero! ut Mater formoſa ſerenat
Auguſtam frontem, & ſublimia temperat ora!
Agnoſco faciem ambiguam, mixtóſque parentes.
Ille tuas, GULIELME, acies, & triſtia bella,
Pugnáſque innocuâ dudum ſub imagine luſit.
Nunc indignanti ſimilis fugitiva puſillæ
Terga premit turmæ, & falſis terroribus implet,
Sternítque exiguum ficto cognomine Gallum.
Nunc ſimulat turres, & propugnacula parva
Nominibus ſignat variis; ſubitóque tumultu
Sedulus infirmas arces, humilemque Namurcam
Diruit;

(*) Celſiſſimus Princeps Dux Gloceſtrenſis.

uit ; interea generoſæ in pectore flammæ
ſurgunt ſenſim juveni, notat ignis honeſtas
pureo fervore genas, & amabilis horror.
Quis tamen Auguſtæ immenſas in carmine pompas
truet, in luteos ubi vulgò effuſa canales
na rubent, variátque infectas purpura ſordes?
iis lapſus referet ſtellarum, & fictile cœlum,
à laceram oſtendunt redolentia compita chartam,
lphuris exuvias, tubulóſque bitumine caſſos?
En procul attonitam video clareſcere noctem
lgore inſolito! ruit undique lucidus imber,
agrantéſque hyemes ; crepitantia ſidera paſſim
intillant, totóque pluunt incendia cœlo.
ec minùs in terris Vulcanus mille figuras
duit, ignivomáſque feras, & fulgida monſtra,
erribiles viſu formas! hic membra Leonis
iſpida mentitur, tortíſque comantia flammis
olla quatit, rutiláſque jubas ; hic lubricus Anguem
udit, ſubſiliens, & multo ſibilat igne.
Lætitiam ingentem atque effuſa hæc gaudia civis
m tandem ſecurus agit, poſitóque timore
xercet ventos, claſſémque per ultima mundi
mpunè educit, pelagóque licentiùs errat.
u conſtricta gelu, mediiſque horrentia Cancri
enſibus arva videt ; ſeu turgida malit olenti
endere vela noto, quà thurea flamina miſcet
olus, & placidis perfundit odoribus auras.
Vos animæ illuſtres heroum, umbræque recentes,
uarum trunca jacent & adhuc ſtillantia crudis
rpora vulneribus, quibus hæc optabilis orbi

Parta quies, nondum NASSOVO abducite veſtro
Fida ſatellitia, at ſolitis ſtipate catervis
Ductorem, & tenues circùm diffundite turmas.
Túque MARIA, tuos non unquam oblita Britannos,
O Diva, O patiens magnum expectare maritum,
Ne terris Dominum invideas, quanquam ampliùs illum
Detineant, longámque agitent ſub vindice pacem.

Jo. Addiſon, A. M. è Coll. Magd. Oxon.

THE PEACE OF *RESWICK.*

PREFACE

To the Honourable

Charles Montague, Esq;

Chancellor of the *Exchequer*,

First Lord-Commissioner of the TREASURY, and Privy-Councellor to the KING.

SINCE your Ears are continually pester'd by a wretched Set of Poets, you have no Reason to complain of any new Misfortunes

tunes happening to you, when you ſhall find the following noble Subject debas'd by my Numbers. The Honour they have lately acquir'd by their Conqueſts, plainly ſhews how much the *Engliſh* excell all others in the *Art of War*; but how unequally low we are in the politer Studies of Peace, is evident from the Verſes we have lately publiſh'd. * If your Darling CONGREVE had not exerted his Divine Poetical Fury, with his uſual Happineſs, in the adorning of this Subject, the

* *The* Oxford *Verſes on the* Peace.

the PEACE it ſelf had been hardly worth our Joy, ſince it has been ſo miſerably celebrated by ſo many vile Poetaſters. But while I am blaming others, I may ſeem forgetful of my ſelf, who perhaps may give you as much trouble in my *Latin Compoſitions*, as they have before done in their *Engliſh*, unleſs the Variety of the Torment may bring ſome Mitigation to the Pain you are to ſuffer. For my part, I never could prevail upon my ſelf to offer you a POEM written in our Native Tongue, ſince you your ſelf deter all others by

your own Compoſitions from ſuch an Attempt, as much as you excite them by your Favour and Humanity. I am,

SIR,

Your moſt devoted,

humble Servant,

Joſeph Addiſon.

THE PEACE OF *RESWICK.*

WHEN now the Tumult of the Battel dies,
No Shouts the Earth, no Trumpets wake the Skies;
Accept, Great Leader, what the *Pious Throng*
(Leſs dreadful Muſick, and a ſofter Song)

To ſooth the Vengeance of thy Soul, inſpire,
And eaſe thy Boſom of its reſtleſs Fire.
Let Wars no more, all Nature huſh'd to reſt,
Nor Scenes of Ruin roll within thy Breaſt;
No Schemes of Death, delightful to thy Eyes,
Swell in thy Thoughts, and charm Thee as they riſe:
Already Fam'd, the Chaſe of Fame give o'er;
Nor, dark with Lawrels, ſhade thy Brows with more.

No more dire Camps a glitt'ring Horror yield,
Nor ſwarming Millions hide the crowded Field;
No Shouts or Tumults ſhake the ſounding Plain,
But downy Peace, and ſolemn Silence reign.

With

With Furrows now the Peaſant all around
Cuts the wide Camp, and turns the Warlike Mound.
Now Rampires dreadful to the Foe deſcries,
Riſing aloft, and threat'ning as *they* riſe.
O'er Fields of Death the Waſte of War perſues,
Sighs the ſad Scene, and trembles as he views;
While richer Blades along the Bulwarks wave,
And Greens ariſe to ſtrew the Warrior's Grave.
Luxuriant Ears the fertile Glebe ſupplies,
The Harveſt bending, where the Hero dies.

See! diſtant *Worlds* invited from afar
To trace the Ruins of the finiſh'd War;
Wide gaping Walls, and ſhatter'd Towers admire,
O'erturn'd in Tempeſts of tumultuous Fire.

Long

Long Tracks of Death aſtoniſh'd they explore,
Now view the Warriors Toil, and now deplore;
While Streams of Blood each Current ſtill diſtain,
And ORMOND's Wounds ennoble all the Plain.
Where yon ſteep Rampires riſe with Slaughter Red,
Still moiſt with Gore, and crimſon'd with the Dead,
The * *Chief* his Standard fix'd, whoſe Temples round
Defended *Buda*, with her Lawrels bound.
Thro' thickeſt Troops he *breaks* his glorious Way,
And Floods of Fire in vain command his Stay.

The

* *The Lord* CUTTS, *Baron of* Gowran, &c.

The burſting Shells aloft, and ſweeping Ball,
Around the Hero *unregarded* fall;
While thro' dark Flames he ruſhes to the Fight,
And Vapours, ſtreak'd with Lengths of ruddy Light.

See threat'ning once, and, dreadful, to behold
A ghaſtly Breach the yawning Tow'rs unfold;
Amazing ſtill the broken Ruins ſhow,
Enormous hang, and ſhade the Plain below.

Now treach'rous Caves beneath the Earth are found,
Where Beds of Sulphur ſwell the cavern'd Ground.
Here mingling Hoſts in vain their Courage try,
Guiltleſs of Death, yet doom'd, alas! to Die.

For

For lo! the opening Mound asunder flies,
And hurls at once whole Armies to the Skies;
While Limbs of mangled Heroes upward drove,
Shoot from the bursting Earth, and reek above.
The burning Troops abandon'd to Despair,
In Flames ascend, and smoak along the Air.
So when the lifted Arm of angry JOVE
Drives the red Bolt, all flaming from above,
Persues the Foe with Thunder down the Skies,
Nature's sad Ruins all her Sons surprize;
Amaz'd they view her rugged Form, and moan
Great *Pelion* lost, and *Ossa*'s Height o'erthrown.
Here Streams o'er craggy Rocks mistake their way,
New Banks design, and thro' new Channels stray;

The wild Confuſion all around admire,
Their former Hills, and vaniſh'd Shades require.

Here, led by WILLIAM's Fortune and his Fame,
United *Worlds* to guard the Monarch came:
Fair *Belgia*'s Sons the hardy *Britons* join,
And Nations nurſt beyond the ſounding *Rhine*;
While faithful *Auſtria* from her ſhining Tow'rs
Sends out by Millions her victorious Pow'rs:
With theſe, the eager *Northern Bands* conſpire,
And wanting PHOEBUS' Light, yet boaſt his Fire.
While ſwarthy Troops to the great Cauſe inclin'd,
Forſake the *Day*, and leave *their Sun* behind.

From Climes remote, and diſtant Skies around,
Cloſe gath'ring Bands the pious KING ſurround;
By Nature parted, Worlds together join,
Unite the *Frozen Pole*, and burning *Line*;
Their Language diff'rent, yet their Swords agree,
All drawn alike for *Freedom*, and for THEE.

And THOU, Great * *Chief*, in War a dreaded Name,
Foremoſt in Dangers, as the firſt in Fame;
If *Iſis* to thy Worth a Life can give,
Thine ſhall elude the Grave, and ever live!

While

* *Colonel* Codrington, *Colonel of the King's Guards.*

While Arts and Arms to form thy Youth
combine,
And *both* MINERVA's in each Action ſhine:
With fond Reluctance *ſhe* reſigns her Prize
And gives *Thee* up to Fame with weeping Eyes.
Our fainty Sun's *too* languid to inſpire,
Thy Soul with Vengeance, and thy Breaſt with
Fire.
Thy *ſultry India*, where the God of Day
Shoots on the Earth, direct, his burning Ray,
Ripens thy Godlike Vigour, and beſtows
A Heat *intenſe*, as that with which he glows.
From his *kind* Beams thy kindling Ardour came,
Who lent the Spark, *then* nurs'd it to a Flame.

Now Nations whom no Summer Suns
beguile,
(Rough with the *ſhaggy Bear*'s enormous Spoil)
Attentive hear the Story of *thy* Fame,
Forget their Clime, and glow at WILLIAM's
Name.
Beneath their Breaſt, as thy great Battels roul,
Each feels new Heat, and burns beneath his
Pole;
Thy Godlike Deeds each freezing Arm inſpire,
And warm'd by Thee, *they* ask no other Fire.
See the *Great Chief*, * whoſe Empires ſtretch'd
around,
Nature alone can ſhut, and Oceans bound;
Forſake

* *The* Czar *of* Muſcovy.

Forſake his ſnowy Realms, his chilling Skies,
And marks the *Hero* with aſtoniſh'd Eyes:
His *Eyes* the awful Warrior round explore,
And in his Looks he reads his Battels o'er:
The vaſt *Idea* carrying to his view
The Forts He *ſtorm'd*, and Millions that He *ſlew*.
Here great *Namur*, and there the *bleeding Boyne*,
With Slaughter ſwell'd, preſent their numerous ſlain.
While to *Seneff*, his Thoughts in Raptures run,
Where *both* deſerv'd the Palm, which *neither* won.
How great his Mien! what Port his Steps maintain!
Riſing he moves, and *Awful* heads the Plain:
Stern Majeſty ſits low'ring on his Face,
With comely Terror mix'd, and frowning Grace.

So

So with *Evander*, when His Royal Gueſt,
(A Lion's curling Mane his Shoulders dreſs'd)
His Hand in Leagues of holy Friendſhip joins;
Thus fierce he looks, and *thus* Majeſtick ſhines.

As WILLIAM's Deeds the *Hero* entertain,
Quick beats his Heart, and ſwells each burſting Vein:
The Blood more ſprightly runs its circling Rounds,
And flaming thro' the Purple Channels Bounds;
The *Britons* Triumphs riſing to his view,
He glows, *He* fights, and ſeems to Triumph *too:*
In Thought elate, He now the Foe diſtains,
And drives the *Tartar* o'er the *Ruſſian Plains.*

But

But hear! what joyful Shouts at Diſtance riſe,
Break thro' the Air, and doubling fill the Skies;
With WILLIAM's Name the hollow Shores
rebound,
And echoing Vales repeat the *Darling* Sound:
No more *Fair Albion* on the Beach reclin'd,
With Tears augments the Seas, with Sighs the
Wind:
Nor chides the envious Gale, and angry Main,
That from her Eyes ſo long their Bliſs detain.
The ling'ring Bark no more creates her Woe,
Which flying o'er the Waves — yet ſtill is ſlow.
See the vaſt Fleet the parting Seas divide,
Whitening the Surge, and cuts the foamy Tide;
Arriv'd at laſt ſhe drops the daſhing Oar,
While PEACE, and WILLIAM, land on *Albion*'s
Shore.

No

No Battels now within his Boſom roul,
Awake his Rage, and fire the Warrior's Soul:
His Thoughts no longer painting to his Eye
What *Foe* ſhall Bleed the next, what *Rival* Die.
Soft Paſſions now, and every milder Grace
Smile in his Looks, and *ſmooth* the *Hero's* Face:
No more dread Vengeance reddens at his Eyes,
While in the *melting* KING the Warrior Dies.

See! how their LORD the *Britiſh* Youth
ſurrounds,
And prize their Safety ſcarce above their
Wounds.
With comely Scars each Warrior's Boſom red,
Aſſerts how well he fought, how oft he bled.
To his lov'd Home, as now the Soldier flies,
Joy ſwells his Heart, and wets his bubling Eyes.

The

The trembling Wife explores her Lover's Face,
Still coy, and doubtful of her Lord's Embrace;
Hangs on his Neck, confus'd with mix'd Surprize,
And ſatisfies *her* Love, before *her* Eyes.
The Infant ſtarting, as the Sire draws near,
Deep in the Mother's Boſom hides his Fear.
He to th' aſtoniſh'd Crowd recounting o'er
The Deaths *he* gave, and hardy Toils *he* bore:
His own Exploits, his own full Praiſes crown,
And pompous Words ſet off his paſt Renown.
So when the Ship, with *Argive Heroes* fraught,
Back to her *Greece* the ſhining Treaſure brought;
With wonder All, the burniſh'd Prize behold,
Rigid and ſtiff with Curls of flaming Gold.

Still pale with Fear the Soldier numbers o'er
Dire dreadful Forms that guard the wakeful
Shore.
Here Streams of Fire from hiſſing Serpents riſe
Light the dusk Air, and flaſh along the Skies.
There glowing *Bulls* no Labours e'er could
tame,
Groan at the Wain, and ſnort a living Flame.
For thy Return what grateful Trophies riſe,
What honeſt Joy o'erflows each *Briton*'s Eyes!
To meet thy Fame, from all her joyful
Tow'rs,
Thy Iſle her Populace, and Nobles pours;
All to their great *Returning* MONARCH
kind,
Joy ſmiles before, and Tranſport ſhouts behind

Whil

* His

While mingling Murmurs, and Applauſes round,
Delight thy Ear, and pleaſe while they confound.
To aid the ſpreading Pomp thy Heav'ns ſupply
Uncommon Luſtre, and a fairer Sky,
Keep back the Progreſs of the rolling Year,
While Summer Suns the flow'ry Winter cheer.

Now the lov'd * YOUTH in all his Beauty's Pride,
And ſmiling Bloom adorns the Hero's ſide.

* *His Royal Highneſs* WILLIAM *Duke of* Gloceſter.

Each Parent ſtriving with alternate Care,
Divide their Love, to form him Great and Fair;
While in his Looks the Sire commanding lives,
The Goddeſs ſmooths the Charms, the Hero gives:
Each manly Feature, and ſeverer Grace,
By Beauty ſoften'd dies upon his Face:
With diff'rent Glories each the Boy inſpire,
One gives the Sweetneſs, and one lends the Fire.
In Wars already thoughtful to engage,
He acts thy Battels o'er with Mimic Rage;
Here preſſing eager on the flying Foe,
His boiling Veins with artful Vengeance glow,

Till

Till from his Arm as ſwiftly he retires,
Stop'd by his Sword, a fancy'd *Gaul* expires.
There his young Breaſt, and Courage to inflame,
He builds low Towers, and gives to each their Name.
Namure's feign'd Walls awhile his Force diſdain,
Which falls at laſt, and, ſmoaking, hides the Plain:
In Sieges thus his Arm the Youth employs,
Till what his Hand erects, his Sword deſtroys.
While eager now to reach thy virtuous Fame,
His Boſom hardly bounds the reſtleſs Flame:
A riſing Red his youthful Cheeks inſpires,
And ſtains his Lillies o'er with purple Fires.

But

But oh! what Muſe an equal Strength ſupplies
To paint *Auguſta*'s Triumphs as they riſe?
Thro' whoſe glad Streets the Grape her Juice beſtows,
Each ſordid Channel purpling where it flows.
What Verſe can reach the lighted Orbs on high,
And falling Luſtre of the artful Sky?
While Stars of Sulphur thro' Heav'ns-Azure glow,
And fall and ſmoak from burſting Shells below.
See the fair Night *her* Rival Beams diſplay,
Forget her Shades, and emulate the Day.

Forth

Forth from the Clouds the Heaven a *Torrent* pours
Of falling Light, and rains in burning Showers.
While Meteors blazing thro' the Winter Sky,
Trail a long Length of Fire, and crackling Die.
As thus the Spheres with ſhining Wonders glow,
A Thouſand hideous Forms ſurprize below:
Bright, horrid Monſters, ghaſtly to the Eye,
In various Shapes the artful Flames bely.
Here a fierce *Lion* we with Dread admire,
Shake *his* red Mane, and rough with Curls of Fire:

There

There dreſs'd in Flames a ſlipp'ry *Serpent* ſlides,
Burns with *feign'd Life*, and hiſſes as he glides.

Each Subject now while WILLIAM fills the Throne,
Springs with new Life, and calls that Life his own:
To Nature's Bounds their Fleets controul the Main,
No Dangers dread, and every Foe diſdain.
Secure *They* wander; and while *He* is kind,
The Sea no Terrors has, no Rage the Wind.
Whether to freezing Climes their Courſe they hold
O'er Icy Waves, and bound with Summers cold;

Or

Or croſs thoſe Oceans, where perfuming Gales,
And Blaſts of Incenſe ſwell the driving Sails.

Ye *Sacred* SHADES, who from above complain,
Your reeking Wounds the Fields of Death diſtain;
Still to your Iſle your great Aſſiſtance lend,
And whom the Warriors ſav'd their Ghoſts defend.
Let WILLIAM ſtill your kind Protection prove,
His Pride on Earth, and Guardians when above.
And while your Friendſhip thus ſurvives the Grave,
Your Love ſecures that Bliſs your Courage gave.

And thou, MARIA, whoſe indulgent Breaſt
Labours with Wiſhes for *Britannia*'s Reſt;
If *Europe*'s dawning PEACE a while delay
Thy Lord's Embrace, forgive the Hero's ſtay;
Till jarring Worlds by HIS Command agree,
In vain recall'd by Empire, and by THEE.

BRITISH 14 SE 70 MUSEUM

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DISSERTATIO
DE
INSIGNIORIBUS
ROMANORUM
POETIS.

POETIS

ROMANIS

INSIGNIORIBUS

DE

DISSERTATIO

DISSERTATIO
DE
INSIGNIORIBUS
ROMANORUM
POETIS.

OMNIUM in re Poeticâ maxime inclaruerunt Romani, & Romanorum VIRGILIUS: Optimæ quæque Regulæ huic

Arti inservientes non tam Criticorum Præceptis quam MARONIS exemplo sunt depromendæ: Ut ideo de reliquis Heroici Carminis Scriptoribus, recte statuamus Virtutes & Vitia quæ apud singulos occurrunt, lectioni conferamus *Virgilianæ*; qui, si ullibi defecerit *Bucolicis*, nonnunquam puriorem immiscuit Styli elegantiam quam quæ *Pastoribus* conveniat, & sæpe grandior sonat Carminum Majestas quam quæ tenui avenæ consona videatur: Apud quemlibet *Georgicorum* librum inimitabili quâdam Sermonis Elegantiâ Res rusticæ explicantur, sed ultimus de *Apum Naturâ* valdè præter cæteros animum delectat; ubi dum in tenui Argumento procedit Poe-

ma,

ma, ſolennem quandam Sententiarum & Verborum Pompam ſtudiosè affectet Poeta ; Apum ideo Opera *Cyclopum* aſſimulat Laboribus, nec majori Carminum tumultu ÆNEÆ & TURNI recitat Certamina, quam haſce Inſectorum Turmas inter ſeſe depræliantes. Ubique exiguæ Reipublicæ Duces, Populi, Studia, Mores, & tenue illud Imperium quod intra Alvearii Anguſtias exercetur, venuſtâ neſcio quâ Carminis Magnificentiâ exprimuntur : Quin hoc certe in toto Opere præcipue occurrit admirandum, quomodo dum Plantationis, Paſtionis, & Agriculturæ curas exequitur Poeta, omiſſis uſitatioribus loquendi formulis, materiæ tam incultæ locutionem

nem Poeticam accommodaret, quomodo ignobiliori depressus Argumento nunquam ad Stylum Plebeium Orationem demiserat ; sed tanta undique apparet Locutionum vis, ut multi (quamvis temerè) *Georgicos* etiam *Æneidi* prætulisse non dubitarint ; sed in hoc Opere, per Argumentum, non licuit alias Poeseωs Partes præstitisse quam Styli & Descriptionum Elegantiam. Quod ad utrumque attinet, illud sibi proprium semper vendicat MARONIS Pagina, ut quicquid exprimat mirâ quâdam Dulcedine animum ingrediatur, & quod describat melius quam si Oculis subjiciatur, tanquam præsens intueamur.

In Styli puritate proxime accedit LUCRETIUS, cujus Dictio, ſi obſoletæ aliquando Verborum Antiquitati, & Numeris pene ſolutis agnoſcas, illorum Palato qui *Romanè* ſapiunt, perſuavis videatur. In Deſcriptionibus tamen CLAUDIANO ſecundus debetur Honos, qui amœnas Rerum Imagines ubique venuſtiſſimâ contexuit Oratione, in hoc ſolummodo vitioſus, quod fuſius quam par eſt ſemper expatietur, eoſdemque Verſus diverſis exponat Loquendi Modis; in hac Arte ſeſe maxime profeciſſe ſatis noverat CLAUDIANUS, de quacunque enim re ſatagit, aſſidue ſemper quærit quæ deſcribenda ſunt, imo plurima

rima sumpsit Argumenta quæ tota in Descriptionibus occupantur, ut videre est in Præfationibus, in *Idylliis*, in Libris de Raptu PROSERPINÆ, de PHOENICE, HISTRICE, TORPEDINE, & plerisque Epigrammatum.

OVIDIUS (ut erat *Aulici* Ingenii Homo) terso quidem & polito Carmine res exhibuit amatorias, in cæteris tamen Operibus istiusmodi occurrit Sermo quali in Triviis uti solent: Ille enim Ingenio suo confisus de operosiori Dictione elaborandâ parum erat satis solicitus: In Libro tamen Metamorphoseωs varias optime depinxit Animalium Mutationes, dum prior paulatim exuitu

exuitur Forma & nova ſuperinducitur.

Utrumque hoc quod jam tractamus Poetis Officium non raro optime præſtitit PAPINIUS, LUCANUS neutrum, cujus Dictio quanquam multum ſonat inflata, nulla tamen Phraſeorum aut Epithetorum Venuſtate animatur, ſed Orationi magis ſolutæ convenit quam Poeticæ, imo certe tali plerunque utitur Verborum delectu, qualem vel Liber dedignetur Sermo. Et quanquam in Deſcriptionibus ſæpiſſime verſatur, & in hujuſmodi diverticula nunquam non excurrit, raro tamen, ut debet, Opus abſolvit: Jam vero quod ad STATIUM attinet; plurima certe

composuit summis Poetarum invidenda, sed inter magnas Virtutes maxima occurrunt Vitia ; in Dictione enim Verba nimis admittit sesquipedalia, nullaque de Argumento habita ratione vana numeris miscet Tonitrua : Nec minus in Descriptionibus peccat ; nimio enim calori indulgens, dum totis viribus excellere conatur, ultra Finem tendit opus, & in tumorem excrescit ; in utrumque hujusmodi vitium aliquando incidit CLAUDIANUS. Jam vero quoniam de VIRGILII *Æneidis* Argumento varii multa scripserunt & præclara, pauca solummodo de STATII & LUCANI Carminibus sunt advertenda ; utpote quæ *Latinorum* omnium sola Epica haberi debent. De

LUCANO

LUCANO id ſæpe in Diſputationem venit, an Hiſtoria qua conſtat *Pharſalicum* Poema, idoneum ſit Heroici Carminis Argumentum. Vera ideo Heroicæ Poeſeωs Natura inquirenda eſt, quam apud Librum de Dignitate & Augmentis Scientiarum his Verbis optime exhibuit VERULAMIUS noſtras. " [—— de Poeſi Narrativa, ſive " eam Heroicam appellare placet " (modo hoc intelligas de Materia, " non de Verſu) ea a Fundamento " prorſus nobili excitata videtur, " quod ad dignitatem humanæ Naturæ imprimis ſpectat. Cum enim " Mundus ſenſibilis ſit Anima rationali dignitate inferior, videtur Poeſis hæc humanæ Naturæ largiri, " quæ Hiſtoria denegat ; atque Ani-

" mo umbris rerum utcunque satis-
" facere, cum solida haberi non pos-
" sint. Si quis enim Rem acutius
" introspiciat, firmum ex Poesi su-
" mitur argumentum, Magnitudinem
" Rerum magis illustrem, Ordinem
" magis perfectum, & Varietatem
" magis pulchram, Animæ humanæ
" complacere, quam in Natura ipsa
" post Lapsum reperire ullo modo
" possit. Quapropter, cum Res
" gestæ, & Eventus, qui veræ Histo-
" riæ subjiciuntur, non sint ejus Am-
" plitudinis, in qua Anima humana
" sibi satisfaciat, præsto est Poesis,
" quæ Facta magis Heroica confin-
" gat: Cum Historia vera successus
" rerum minime pro meritis Virtu-
" tum & Scelerum narret; corrigit

" eam

" eam Poeſis, & exitus, & fortunas
" ſecundum merita, & ex lege Ne-
" meſeos exhibet : Cum Hiſtoria
" vera, obvia rerum ſatietate & ſimi-
" litudine, animæ humanæ faſtidio
" ſit ; reficit eam Poeſis inexpectata
" & varia, & viciſſitudinum plena
" canens. Adeo ut Poeſis iſta, non
" ſolum ad delectationem, ſed etiam
" ad Animi magnitudinem, & ad
" Mores conferat. Quare & merito
" etiam Divinitatis cujuſpiam parti-
" ceps videri poſſit ; quia animum
" erigit, & in ſublime rapit : rerum
" ſimulachra ad animi deſideria ac-
" commodando, non animum rebus
" (quod ratio facit & Hiſtoria) ſub-
" mittendo."] Ex quo ſatis patet veram Hiſtoriam cum Epico Poemate male

male convenire ; & proinde LUCANUM quoad Argumentum maxime defeciſſe. Quinque in illius Poemate maxime emicant Heroes, CÆSAR, POMPEIUS, BRUTUS, CATO, & CICERO : Omnes ſane tam Vitâ inſignes quam Morte luctuoſi ; quorum Virtutes (quantum licuit per humanam Naturam) Perfectioni iſtæ Heroicæ, quam reliqui Poetæ Ducibus ſuis falſo tribuerunt, proxime acceſſerant. LUCANUS CÆSARI undique oblatrat, POMPEII Partes ambitioſe fovet, ſed BRUTI & CATONIS Encomia, ob Stoicum (credo) illud Ingenium, quod cum his habuit commune, maxime celebrat : Et plurima certe quæ LUCANO objicias Philoſophiæ hujuſcemodi ſunt referenda : Inde

Inde immodicus iſte Ingenii tumor, & ambitioſa Sententiarum oſtentatio, quam cum illâ Hominum turbâ ſemper habet in Deliciis ; inde quæ magna ſunt, quam quæ bona ſunt, maluit præferre. Hinc etiam in eximia illa Poeſeωs Virtute Paſſionibus excitandis ipſe (qui omnes Philoſophiæ Affectus tanquam illicitos exiſtimavit) malè ſucceſſerat, cujus Vitii unicum tantum (ut taceam cætera) Argumentum proferam : Poſtquam in Pugna Pharſalica CÆSAR de *Pompeio* Victoriam reportaverit, LUCANUS maxime debuit, ſi aliquid ab ipſâ Hiſtoriâ alienum potuliſſet, lugubri quodam Carmine immeritam doluiſſe POMPEII ſortem ; quippe in toto

Opere

Opere summo habuit honore; vel saltem ipsum POMPEIUM (ut ingens patuit Doloris Argumentum) aut de amissâ *Romæ* Libertate, aut de Amicorum Mortibus, aut de propriis querentem Infortuniis, introduxisse oportuit. Poeta tamen ab omni hujusmodi Dolore tam longè abest, ut POMPEIUM obnixè hortaretur, postquam victus a Bello decesserat, ut CÆSARIS Victoris sui commiseresçat, quia nempe CÆSAR non sine Scelere Victoriâ potitus est;

Nonne juvat pulsum bellis cessisse, nec istud
Prospexisse (nefas!) spumantes cæde catervas?

Respice

Reſpice turbatos in curſu ſanguinis amnes,
Et Soceri miſerere tui ; Quo pectore Romam
Intrabit factus campis felicior iſtis ?

Quis tulerit Poetam tam ridiculè philoſophantem ? quaſi vero POMPEIUS Senex, Exul, Miſer, Triumphatus, ob Victorem ſuum quamvis ſceleſtum Commiſerationem quandam conciperet : Illum quidem maximè Stoicè ſapuiſſe oportuerat, qui omnibus hiſce Fortunæ Donis ſpoliatus, tantam in nudâ Virtute poneret Felicitatem. Sed nullus Poetarum niſi VIRGILIUS hujuſmodi afficiat Dolore : Alii plerunque dum mœrorem aliquem Lecto-

ribus inducerent, in illo peccant, quod nimiâ Prolixitate sese in questus effundant, nec unquam satis Lachrymarum exhaustum esse sentiant, vel Ingenium, quod maxime possint, Versibus infundendo, faciunt ut magis Carmina miremur, quam materiam lugeamus. De utroque cavit VIRGILIUS, qui merâ semper Simplicitate luctuosa ut in se sunt exhibuit; & levitèr quicquid dolet perstrinxerat: "Lamentationes enim, inquit CICERO, debent esse breves & concisæ, quia Lachryma subito exaresscit, & difficile est Auditorem aut Lectorem in summo illo animi affectu tenere." Ut vero ad STATIUM redeamus, illi quidem Spiritus non raro feliciter assurgit, cui dum temperare

temperare nequit, neſcio quas projicit Ampullas, & vana Carminibus addit Numerorum Terriculamenta. THEBAIDIS quidem Argumentum Ingenii ſui Truculentiæ, ſed non Heroico Poemati ſatìs aptum videatur: ETEOCLES enim, POLYNICES, & TYDEUS, quorum geſta hoc Carmine celebrantur, nihil habent eorum, ſi unicam Fortitudinem demas, quæ conveniunt Heroibus: Imo in toto Poemate nulla niſi Scelerum, qualia ſunt Parricidii, Perfidiæ, Immanitatis, Odiorum proferuntur Exemplaria; dum in omnibus ferè quos ſuo Carmine induxit VIRGILIUS præclara quædam illuceſcunt, & in ipſo ÆNEA ſummam Pietatem erga Deos, Natum, Conjugem, Amicos, & Pa-

 rentem,

rentem, Oculis semper habemus subjectam. Epitheta plerunque STATIANA multùm sonant metaphoricè, dum inanimatis illa tribuuntur quæ Animalibus conveniunt. In Verbis tamen nec rarò sinè maximâ Elegantiâ Metaphoras consectatur CLAUDIANUS; VIRGILIUS in utrisque parcissimus; STATIUS plurimas rerum similitudines composuit, multùm sæpè de VIRGILII Ingenio referentes, in quâ arte meliùs successerat LUCANUS, si aliquid unquam mediocre admiserat; sed dum VIRGILIUS ad Apes, ad Formicas, & istiusmodi Naturæ ludicra descendit, nihil unquam nisi Quercum fulminatam, Terræ Exitium, aut Mundi Conflagrationem ebuccinat LUCANUS. Et hisce tandem,

tandem, quorum alii non operæ Pretium duxerunt meminiſſe, de Heroicis Scriptoribus brevitèr perſtrictis. De Satyricis reſtat dicendum ; quorum omnium JUVENALIS & HORATIUS Palmam dubiam quidem fecerunt : Inter Literatos enim multum diſcrepat, utrum mordax illa Ingenii acerbitas, quâ ſuam armavit paginam JUVENALIS, an potius HORATII feſtivæ Irriſiones, magis Satyræ conveniant : Ut vero de utroque rectiùs ſtatuatur, pauca prius ſunt advertenda. Ob infamem vitæ ſuæ laſciviam, etiam nunc temporis, malè audit HORATIUS ; Virtutem tamen ſemper rigidè coluit JUVENALIS : Ille in abſolutiſſimâ AUGUSTI Aulâ verſatus eſt, hic in peſſima

pessima DOMITIANI Tempora incidisset : Proinde ut ad sua & Sæculi utriusque Ingenia Opera accommodarent Poetæ, HORATIUS totus in ludicro exercetur Argumento, nec Morum Licentiam, sed indecoras quasdam Aulicorum Ineptias plerunque insectatur ; non ideò abfuisset quin irridetur, si aliqua Styli severitate ad leviuscula hujusmodi castiganda se accinxisset : Gravissima tamen in Temporibus suis reprehendit JUVENALIS, & de Vitiis ubique queritur quæ vel pudeat recitare, & isti sane Materiæ, summa Mentis Indignatio, Orationis Ardor, & Ingenii Acrimonia, rectissime aptari videantur. Quamvis ubi ad Jocularia Animum demittit, non raro Satyris Festivitatem

tatem fundit HORATIANAM. Uterque ideo (modo diverſum conſulas Argumentum) ſuo quidem Genere perfectiſſimus emicuit; in illo Ridiculum Acri melius, in hoc Acre Ridiculo. Reliqua certe HORATII Opera, Admiratione potius ſunt digna quam Encomiis, nec majora ſolum Vituperatione, ſed etiam Laude. Jam vero quod ad Dramaticos attinet, PLAUTI & TERENTII Argumenta, Sales, Elegantiæ ubique adeò vulgantur, ut nihil de novo poſſit adjici: De SENECA vero tam diverſe ſentiunt, ut alii inter ſummos Tragicorum, alii infra Infimum annumerent: Illi quidem Ingenium valde magnum, Oratio

elegans

elegans & concisa, abundat Sententiis plerunque acutis, Stoicam semper Philosophiam, quam amplexus est, redolentibus. Unde omnibus fere, qui Artem Dramaticam parum sapiunt, semper est in Deliciis ; si tamen ad hanc respicias, Tragœdiæ ubique plurimum laborant, & istud vitii (ut reliqua prætermittam) SENECÆ peculiare videatur, ut quoscunque inducat Interlocutores, nullâ, ad Personas quas sustinet, habitâ ratione, eundem semper unicuique tribuat loquendi modum : Omnes severiora spirant Philosophiæ Dogmata, & quæ Stoæ magis conveniant quam Theatro. Eadem semper Styli Magnificentia superbiunt Rex, & Nuncius :

Nuncius: Imo ipſam Nutricem (plurima enim tam acutè profert) Stoicorum Præceptis non mediocritèr imbutam ſentias. Inter Epigrammatiſtas potiſſimum emicuerunt MARTIALIS & CLAUDIANUS; Ille ſemper in extremo Poemate Ingenii ſubjecit acumen, & ſæpe ſimilia in ſequitur Verborum Tintinnabula; Hic per totum Epigramma ſuum diſpergit Salem, & venuſtiſſimâ ubique utitur Latinitatis Elegantiâ. Cæterum tamen Poetarum Vulgus, de iſtiuſmodi mediocribus ſunt, quos nec Dii nec Homines conceſſerunt; & quamvis una aut altera apud affectatas CATULLI Cantatiunculas, TIBULLI aut PROPERTII inhoneſtam pa-

ginam, & Carmina incuriosa, illucescat Virtus, non tamen est Operæ Pretium Gemmas inter Stercora eruere.

Jo. Addison, è Coll. Magd. Oxon.

A

DISSERTATION

Upon the moſt Celebrated

Roman POETS.

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OF all the Nations in the World, the *Romans* have moſt excell'd in the *Art of Poetry*, and even among the *Romans* VIRGIL has been the moſt deſervedly celebrated; from whom the

the juſteſt Rules of this Art are rather to be taken, than from the dry Precepts of the Criticks. To the End therefore that we may the more truly aſcertain the *Beauties* and *Faults* which occur among the reſt of the Writers of *Heroic Poetry*, let us compare them with the Style of VIRGIL; who, if he be in any Thing deficient, it is when he has ſometimes in his *Eclogues* mingled ſuch a Purity of Style, as is not entirely agreeable with the Dialect of Shepherds; and frequently the Dignity of his Verſe ſeems no way conſonant to the Rural Pipe. In every Book of his *Georgicks*, he treats of *Country Affairs* with an inimitable Elegancy of Style; but, above

above all, we are moſt delighted with his laſt Book, *Of the Nature of* BEES; where, in a Poem on ſo inconſiderable a Subject, our Author purpoſely affects a peculiarly ſolemn and pompous Style. In this Piece he compares the Labours of the BEES to thoſe of the *Cyclops*; and in the ſame lofty Numbers recounts the Skirmiſhes of theſe little *Inſects* among themſelves, as he does the Rencounters of ÆNEAS and TURNUS. All along, the Generals of this ſmall Republick, the Populace, the Factions, the Cuſtoms and Forms of Government exercis'd within the narrow Limits of the *Bee-hive*, are deſcrib'd with an inexpreſſible Beauty and Mag-

Magnificence. Throughout the whole Work, what moſtly raiſes our Admiration, is, that in the Perſuit of his Diſcourſe on Planting, Grazing, and Agriculture, (waving the common Forms of Speech) he ſuits his Poetick Diction to ſo unpolite a Theme; how, ſeemingly depreſs'd with the Meanneſs of his Subject, he never ſinks into a *Plebeian* Style; but the Force and Energy of his Expreſſion are ſo conſpicuous, that many, too raſhly indeed, have not ſcrupled to prefer the *Georgicks* to the *Æneid*: But in a Work of this Nature, no other Parts of Poetry could be diſplay'd, except an Elegance of Style and Deſcription: In both theſe Ways VIRGIL has this peculiar

peculiar to himself, that he captivates the Soul with his wonderful Sweetness, and his Descriptions are as lively, as if we had the Object placed before our Eyes.

In the Purity of his Style next follows LUCRETIUS, whose Diction, allowing for his Obsoleteness, and Numbers almost Prosaick, may challenge a Share of Praise in those who have any Taste of the *Roman Eloquence:* For Descriptions however, the second Post of Honour is due to CLAUDIAN, who has throughout, in a most beautiful Style, interwoven his agreeable Images; faulty in this alone, that he expatiates upon his Subjects beyond all Decency, and frequently

gives us the ſame Thoughts, diverſi-fy'd only in Expreſſion. CLAUDIAN well knew what a Maſter he was in this Art, for on whatſoever Topick he is engag'd, he diligently ſearches out Matter for Deſcription, nay moſt of the Subjects he has wrote upon are wholly ſuch, as may be ſeen in his *Prefaces*, his *Eclogues*, his Books of the *Rape of* PROSERPINE, his *Phœnix*, his *Porcupine*, his *Cramp-fiſh*, and moſt of his EPIGRAMS.

OVID (like a true Courtier as he was) deſcribes the Affairs of *Love* in neat and polite Verſe. In the reſt of his Works we meet with the more vulgar Way of Expreſſion; for truſting to a good Genius, he was little ſolicitous

ſolicitous about forming a more elaborate Style; but yet in his *Metamorphoſes*, he has painted in the greateſt Perfection the various *Changes* of all Creatures, and the *Transformations* proceed in a moſt eaſy and gradual manner.

STATIUS has frequently diſcharg'd both theſe Requiſites of a Poet we juſt now obſerv'd; LUCAN neither, whoſe Diction, altho' very bombaſt, is not enliven'd either by beautiful Phraſes or Epithets, but comes nearer Proſe than Poetry; nay, there is in him commonly ſuch a mean Choice of Words, as is ſometimes even beneath Proſe itſelf: And although he abounds in Deſcriptions, and is al-

ways making Excurſions of that Kind, yet he ſeldom finiſhes his Work as he ought, or brings his Thoughts to any Juſtneſs of Concluſion.

But now as to STATIUS, he has given us Compoſitions worthy of the Envy of the beſt Poets. But with all his Beauties he has greater Faults; for in his Expreſſion he makes too much uſe of Gigantick Words; and, not conſidering his Subject, mingles uſeleſs Thunder in his Numbers: Nor is he leſs faulty in his Deſcriptions, for, encouraging too great a Heat; while he attempts to excel, he ſhoots beyond his Mark, and ſwells unnaturally. Of both which Extreams CLAUDIAN is too often guilty.

And now, ſince there have been many Pieces written, and thoſe of Note, on the Subject of VIRGIL's *Æneis*, (and leſs Notice is taken of the Poetry of STATIUS and LUCAN) to whoſe Productions only the *Latins* allow the Title of *Epick Poetry*. As to LUCAN, it has been often diſputed whether his *Pharſalia* be a proper Subject for an *Heroick Poem*. For the Deciſion of this Point, we muſt enquire into the true Nature of *Heroick Poetry*, which our Countryman the Lord BACON has admirably deſcrib'd in his Treatiſe of *The Advancement of Learning*; Tranſlated by Dr *Rawley*.

" —— [As for *Narrative Poeſy*, or,

" if

" if you pleaſe, *Heroical*, (ſo you
" underſtand it of the Matter, not
" of the Verſe) it ſeems to be rais'd
" altogether from a noble Founda-
" tion, which makes much for the
" Dignity of Man's Nature. For
" ſeeing this ſenſible World is in
" Dignity inferior to the Soul of
" Man, *Poeſy* ſeems to endow humane
" Nature with that which *Hiſtory*
" denies; and to give Satisfaction
" to the Mind, with at leaſt the
" Shadow of Things, where the Sub-
" ſtance cannot be had. For if the
" Matter be thoroughly conſider'd,
" a ſtrong Argument may be drawn
" from *Poeſy*, that a more ſtately
" Greatneſs of Things, a more per-
" fect Order, and a more beautiful

" Variety

" Variety delights the Soul of Man,
" than any Way can be found in
" Nature ſince the *Fall.* Wherefore,
" ſeeing the Acts and Events which
" are the Subject of true *Hiſtory*,
" are not of that Amplitude as to
" content the Mind of Man, *Poeſy*
" is ready at Hand to feign Acts
" more *Heroical:* Becauſe *true Hiſ-*
" *tory* reports the Succeſſes of Buſi-
" neſs not proportionable to the
" Merit of Virtues and Vices, *Poeſy*
" corrects it, and preſents Events
" and Fortunes according to Deſert,
" and according to the Law of
" Providence: Becauſe *true Hiſtory*,
" thro' the frequent Satiety and Si-
" militude of Things, works a Diſ-
" taſte and Miſpriſion in the Mind

" of

" of Man ; *Poeſy* cheereth and re-
" freſheth the Soul, chanting Things
" rare, and various, and full of Viciſ-
" ſitudes. So as *Poeſy* ſerveth and
" conferreth to Delectation, Magnani-
" mity, and Morality ; and there-
" fore it may ſeem deſervedly to
" have ſome Participation of Divine-
" neſs, becauſe it accommodates its
" Images and Deſcriptions to the ut-
" moſt Deſire and Wiſh of the Soul,
" not ſubjecting the Mind to Things
" or Facts, as *Reaſon* and *Hiſtory*
" do."] From whence it is ſuffi-
ciently manifeſt, that *Hiſtory* and *Epick Poetry* are by no means proper Companions ; and therefore that LUCAN has very much fail'd in his principal Subject : The five He-

roes

roes who make the greateſt Figure in his Poem, are CÆSAR, POMPEY, BRUTUS, CATO, and CICERO; each of them indeed as diſtinguiſhable in their Lives, as to be lamented in their Deaths; Men, whoſe Virtues, allowing for the Frailties of Humane Nature, came neareſt to that Pitch of Heroick Perfection which other Poets have falſly attributed to their Heroes. LUCAN every where rails at CÆSAR, and paſſionately eſpouſes POMPEY's Intereſt; but moſt of all celebrates the Characters of BRUTUS and CATO for that Spirit of *Stoiciſm*, which he had equally imbib'd with them: And indeed moſt of the Faults objected to LUCAN, are rather to be im-

puted to this Kind of Philoſophy. From whence ſprung that boundleſs Vein of Wit, and that peculiar Affectation of a lofty Style; which, like that Sect of Men, he always delighted in, and therefore gives the Preference rather to great, than good Actions. And upon this Account, in raiſing the Paſſions, (that moſt excellent Part of Poetry) he ſucceeded but ill; becauſe upon the Principles of his Philoſophy, the Paſſions themſelves were accounted as abſolutely unlawful. To confirm this, (paſſing by many others) I will produce but one Inſtance: After CÆSAR had obtain'd the Victory over POMPEY in the Battel of *Pharſalia*, LUCAN certainly (if he had enlarg'd

larg'd on any Circumſtance foreign to his Story) ſhould upon ſo remarkable an Occaſion, have brought in POMPEY lamenting his unhappy Fate in the moſt mournful Strain; eſpecially ſince he pays ſo high a Deference to him throughout his whole Work; or at leaſt (as there was an open Field for Grief) he ſhould have introduc'd POMPEY, either complaining of *Rome*'s loſt Liberty, the Death of his Friends, or his own Misfortunes. But LUCAN is ſo far from raiſing the Paſſions to this juſt Heighth, that he warmly adviſes POMPEY (when vanquiſh'd he retires from the Field of Action) to commiſerate the Condition of his Conqueror CÆSAR, becauſe he had

not won the Day but by unjuſtifiable Methods.

Don't you rejoice that your ſuperiour Foes
Have ſnatch'd you from a Scene of future Woes?
That bleſt in Exile you eſcape the Sight
Of Armies bleeding in domeſtick Fight?
Behold each River drags her tardy Flood,
Choak'd up with Carnage and diſtain'd with Blood;
Your Victor-Sire *with pitying Eyes ſurvey,*
Nor envy him the Fortune of the Day.

How ſhall he enter Rome *devoid of Shame,*
Who on the publick Ruins builds his Name?

Who can bear to hear the Poet philoſophizing in this ridiculous Manner? As if POMPEY, a Man in Years, an Exile, Miſerable, and Vanquiſh'd, ſhould have any Concern upon him for the Crimes of his Conqueror: He ought to have been very much ſtoiciz'd indeed, who, deſpoil'd of all the Goods of Fortune, could place the Sum of his Felicity in meer naked Virtue. But none of the Poets have touch'd this Paſſion of *Grief* like VIRGIL. The Generality of other Writers, when they attempt

attempt to move their Readers, offend in this Point, that they are too prolix in ſpinning out their Complaints, and think their Flood of Tears inexhauſtible; or elſe, while they labour to expreſs the Greatneſs of their Genius, in the Profuſeneſs of their Verſe, rather raiſe our Admiration at the Flowing of their Numbers, than excite our Pity in the Cataſtrophe of their Story. VIRGIL has carefully avoided both theſe Extreams, and dreſſes his Images of Sorrow in their Native Simplicity; and whoever he makes to grieve, he always does it with a quick and tender Compaſſion: For, according to CICERO, *Our Expreſſions of Grief ought to be ſhort and conciſe, becauſe our Tears quickly*

quickly dry up, and it is unnatural to detain either an Auditor or Reader in too long a Suſpenſion of Grief.

But to return to STATIUS, his Spirit is indeed lofty and aſpiring, to which while he gives too great a Looſe, he runs into Bombaſt, and to his Poetry often adds uſeleſs ſounding Words. The Subject of his *Thebais* ſeems indeed ſuited to the Barbarity of his Genius, but is beneath the Dignity of an Heroick Poem. For neither ETEOCLES, POLYNICES, nor TYDEUS, whoſe Actions are recorded in this Poem, have any thing in them, except their Fortitude, agreeable to Heroes; Nay,

Nay, throughout the whole Piece there are no Examples produc'd, unleſs of Perſons infamous for the moſt flagitious Enormities, ſuch as Parricide, Treachery, Cruelty, and Revenge; while, on the contrary, every Thing Praiſe-worthy ſhines bright in VIRGIL's Heroes; and in the Perſon of ÆNEAS we have plac'd before our Eyes an Inſtance of conſummate Piety towards the GODS, his Son, his Wife, his Friends, and his Father. The Epithets of STATIUS are generally forc'd and very metaphorical, while ſuch Properties are aſcrib'd to Inanimates, as really only belong to Animals. In the Choice of his

Words,

Words, and frequently in his Metaphors, he is follow'd by CLAUDIAN with the utmoſt Elegance. VIRGIL is ſparing in both theſe Particulars; STATIUS abounds much with Similitudes, in which he ſeems tó imitate VIRGIL; but in this Inſtance LUCAN had had better Succeſs, if he had hit upon the proper Medium: But while VIRGIL ſtoops down to the humble Subjects of *Bees*, *Ants*, and other ſuch like delightful Themes of Nature; on the other Hand, LUCAN bellows out nothing but Stories of *Oaks* ſplit by Lightning, *Earthquakes*, and the World's *Conflagration*. Let this, in ſhort,

ſuffice obſervable concerning the Writers of Heroic Poetry, in itſelf new, and never before taken Notice of.

Something now remains to be ſaid of the *Satyriſts*, among whom whether JUVENAL or HORACE have moſt Right to the *Bays*, it is difficult to determine; for it has been long a Diſpute among the Learned, whether that Keenneſs and Bitterneſs of Expreſſion with which JUVENAL has arm'd his *Satires*, or HORACE's more jocoſe *Lampoons* are moſt agreeable to the End of SATIRE. Now that we may give a clearer Deciſion on this Head, a few

few Things muſt be premis'd. HORACE bears, to this Day, an ill Character for the Looſeneſs of his Conduct in Life. JUVENAL was a rigid Practiſer of Virtue. The one was converſant in the moſt perfectly polite Court of AUGUSTUS; the other liv'd in the Dregs of DOMITIAN's Time; and therefore both theſe Poets accommodated their Writings to the Manners of the different Ages they liv'd in: For HORACE is entirely upon the ludicrous, and perſues not ſo much the Licentiouſneſs of the Times, as the ridiculous Fopperies of ſome particular Courtiers; for had he attempted to correct theſe Trifles with Severity, he

had not miſs'd of being laugh'd at: But JUVENAL laſhes the groſſeſt Crimes prevalent in his Time, and complains of Enormities which one would be aſham'd to mention; and nothing leſs than the higheſt Reſentment of Soul, Ardency of Expreſſion, and Sharpneſs of Speech, could be an equal Match to Crimes ſo notorious; though whenever he deſcends to be *jocoſe*, we frequently meet with the Pleaſantry of HORACE. Both of them, allowing for the different Manner of their Writing, are perfect Maſters in their ſeveral Ways; in the one ſhines the *Ridicule*, in the other the *Severe*. The reſt of HORACE's Pieces are ſo admirable,

that

that they exceed our higheſt Encomiums, and are not only beyond our Diſlike, but above our Praiſe.

As to what concerns the Dramatic *Poets*, PLAUTUS and TERENCE bear away the Bell, whoſe Plots, Turns, and Elegancy of Style, are ſo well known, that nothing new can be ſaid upon them.

As to SENECA, Mankind have had different Opinions of him; ſome have rank'd him with the beſt *Tragœdians*, others have ſunk him below the worſt. He certainly had a great Genius, an elegant and conciſe Way of Expreſſion; he abounds with ſmart Turns,

Turns, which always ſavour much of that Stoiciſm of which he was a Follower, upon which Account he has always been eſteem'd by thoſe who have had little or no Taſte of *Dramatic Poetry*; but then if we conſider him as ſuch, his Tragedies are throughout too elaborate; and this, to paſs by his other Faults, ſeems peculiarly SENECA's, that he makes all his Actors (without any Regard to the Characters they bear) talk in the ſame Strain; all of them inculcate rigid philoſophical *Dogmata*, and ſuch Morality as is rather fit for the Schools of the Stoics, than the *Roman* Theatre: For with him the King and the Slave ſtrut in the ſame Buskin;

kin; nay, you may perceive the Nurſe herſelf deeply ting'd with the Principles of Stoiciſm.

Among the *Epigrammatiſts*, MARTIAL and CLAUDIAN have bore the greateſt Reputation; the firſt, for the ſevere Point in the Cloſe of his *Epigrams*, and the peculiar Jingle of his Words The other, for diſperſing the Poignancy of his Wit throughout his *Epigrams*, and that in the moſt beautiful *Latin* Phraſe.

The reſt of the Herd of the *Latin* Poets creep ſo low in their Numbers, that they are beneath the Notice either of GODS or Men: And tho' we

we may now and then discover in the affected Songs and Sonnets of CATULLUS, and the obscene Poetry of TIBULLUS and PROPERTIUS, some not disagreeable Pieces; yet it is not worth our while to rake the *Dunghills* for the sake of the JEWELS.

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